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February

Not 0939

Leatherneck

15c

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES



“Most Wanted...”

AND MORE PARKER 51'S ARE COMING NOW!



Writes dry with wet ink!

No wonder this pen is so wanted everywhere! For this is the Parker “51” . . . a writing instrument of unique distinctions. Its ever-moist, protected point starts to write at first touch. It glides across paper like a shadow, for it is tipped with Osmiridium . . . gem-hard, gem-costly, smoother than satin. And as the “51” writes, the words dry, almost instantly. This pen alone is designed and constructed for satisfactory use of Parker “51” Ink that dries as it writes.

Your eye will note the 51's tapered, streamlined

beauty. Your hand will welcome its balanced eagerness. And you'll take pride in the superlative performance that only a “51” can bring you.

Even now, demand for 51's cannot be fully met. Precision craftsmanship . . . measured in thousandths of an inch . . . fashions this pen. It cannot be hurried out by mass production methods.

But more 51's are now coming. Very soon, there'll be a “51” for you! The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER

“51”

SOUND OFF

WRONG BLUE BABY?

Sirs:

In your November 1 issue, the article "Big Blue Baby" raised my ire slightly.

The question is: Where does the "Big T" get the idea that she should be called the "Blue Baby" or "Blue Carrier" in connection with the infamous radio broadcasts of Tokyo Rose? If my eyes were not deceiving me, at the time of the China Sea operation the "Big T" was sporting a camouflage paint job. The "Lady Lex" was the only Essex class carrier painted a solid blue at that time.

If my information is not off the beam, Tokyo Rose first mentioned the "Blue Carrier" and the threat to sink it at all costs in May of 1944, just previous to the Marianas invasion. At that time there were only two carriers (large) in the Pacific with a complete coat of deep blue paint, the USS Lexington and the USS Enterprise. And the Enterprise had a camouflage job for a short period right at that time, leaving the "Lady Lex" the only carrier out here that could hold the title of "That Big Blue Carrier" without any doubt.

Later, Tokyo Rose changed the name from "Blue Carrier" to Admiral Marc Mitscher's "Blue Ghost." Since the "Lady Lex" was blue, and so was Admiral Mitscher's flagship of Task Force 58, the title could be held only by her.

I can also state that from 17 February, 1944, the day of her commissioning, throughout the China Sea operation and the duration of the Pacific war, the "Lady Lex" is the only large carrier that has not, at one time or another, been camouflaged with the usual blue and white combination.

I think the above paragraphs are good reason why the "Big T" should not be spoken of as the "Blue Carrier," "Big Blue Baby," "Blue Ghost," or any similar name, but that the USS

Lexington should be the rightful possessor of such.

Kenneth C. Ferguson, EM3c
(Also signed by R. E. DuBois, EM1c; J. K. Lackey, EM1c; E. S. Thorndike, EM2c; and J. F. Trautmann, EM2c.)
Pacific

● EM3c Ferguson and mates are probably technically correct. We have no way of checking with absolute accuracy whether the Ticonderoga wore a blue coat of paint on that day or not. We think Ferguson is drawing a rather fine point, since the attack on the "Big T" did follow the radio warning. The Japanese girl who at that moment was speaking as Tokyo Rose—a collective character with a collective name—undoubtedly didn't have any one specific flat-top in mind when she referred to "that big blue carrier."—Eds.

SEE THE TENNESSEE

Sirs:

In the April 1 issue you identified a Naval unit as the USS Tennessee, which was 4.0.

What I'd like to know is who wasn't on the ball when you identified a picture of the Tennessee at Iwo (November 1 issue) as a U.S. cruiser?

H. W. Tressler, PhM3c
Pacific

● Did anyone else on the scene identify this ship?—Eds.

GATE CRASHER

Sirs:

Your article, "The Pearly Gates," in the October issue,

TURN PAGE

THE LEATHERNECK, FEBRUARY, 1946

VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 2

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Even faces
as rough as this



feel almost as
smooth as hers



after a cool,
cool Ingram
shave...



SOOTHING as a cool, white hand and quick as a minute... that's wonderful, latherful Ingram! Helps condition your skin for the blade while it wilts your wiry whiskers. Cools burning nicks and stings while you shave. And... leaves your face cool as a morning in May! Treat your face to Ingram tomorrow! Get a jar or tube of Ingram today at the nearest drug counter or Post Exchange.

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WOLVES' GALLERY



The Meaningful Glance Boy. He figures those heavy-lidded glances slay the gals. They don't, though. What his gals go for is that great, big beautiful smile. This, they like. So if your smile's short on gleam, or if your tooth brush shows "pink," see the dentist. Soft foods may be robbing your gums of exercise. The dentist may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



The Overage Choir Boy. This gushing brother's just a Great Big Boy. Gals take one look at his Great Big Boyish smile and start mothering him. He ain't bright, but he's wise to Ipana. Knows that Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help gums as well as clean teeth. Try massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You help yourself to healthier gums... which mean sounder, brighter teeth. Try it.



Start today
with - **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

the fabrications of Pearl Harbor personnel, and I say let's get rid of them as fast as we can. They have done what they were asked to do in a way that no one can question, but the sooner we can get back to the old Corps, the sooner we will have a decent place to live and do our duty. They want out, let them out.

MGySgt. Walter J. Pace
Pacific

FLIT GUNS AT IHEYA

Sirs:

May we take exception to your article "Interlude On Iheya" in the November 1 issue. You state that the Marines had expected a bitter battle, but the only opposition they ran up against was flies and vermin, which had been previously sprayed with DDT by Navy planes.

The only planes that sprayed that island were four Marine privates and two Navy Corporals. They did it with 3 1/2-gallon sprayers on their backs, and they worked from morning 'til night. How about giving credit where credit is due?

Malaria and Epidemic Control Unit 16 (PFCs J. A. Williams, M. Orenstein, R. W. Hughes, Pvt. J. J. Demeter, PhM3c R. B. Ledbetter, PhM2c J. McGrade)

ROOTING THE BOOT

Sirs:

The other day I happened to pick up a copy of my old favorite, *The Leatherneck*, (October issue), and while thumbing through the pages I came across the story, "The Pearly Gates."

I noticed that at the top of the page there was a picture of a Marine saluting. Anyway, I think he was saluting. I am quite sure he wasn't eating an apple or looking at some hidden article in the palm of his right hand.

Why in the name of all gizmos of the "Old Corps" did *Leatherneck* print a picture as discreditable as that one??? Perhaps the Marines at Pearl Harbor should be taught the art of saluting by the numbers all over again. As for that salute, whether it was for an admiral, general or ensign — PEE-YOO!!!!

Ex-Pearl Harbor and
USS Enterprise Marine
John Vidnic

Riverside, Cal.

•You're right, Mr. Vidnic, it isn't GI. It's just like the DI said, you should salute in the correct way, and no other. Unfortunately, the picture in question was taken in the candid way and no one was posing for the book. Salutes just like an off-duty DI, doesn't he? — Eds.

THE OLD GREY MARE...

Sirs:

I am writing this after long consideration and observation. The Marine Corps isn't what it used to be. In the old days a Marine was one wherever he went. Now, if you don't have the right shoulder patch, or are not permanent personnel, you don't rate a damn thing.

Take especially the various transient centers—in Pearl Harbor you can't join the Staff NCOs' club unless you are of the first pay grade or permanent personnel. In the Marianas, they have lines for permanent personnel, officers, and

Sirs:

With the release of many Marines to civilian life, there comes a horde of problems—financial, social, etc. We don't think the majority is concerned with social adjustments, but many will become acquainted with financial difficulties.

This is where our "PX" system enters. Many thousands of Marines, including us, have been overseas for years. We've had little opportunity to enjoy the privileges and advantages the PX offers, such as discounts and tax exemptions, that would enable us to obtain many items at a great saving.

We expect to be discharged shortly ourselves and we think it only fair to have these privileges extended for at least a year to discharged Marines. It would certainly help us on our way, and be a recompense for the years of not being able to use the PX. This seems a fair request under such conditions as we have outlined.

SSgt. John Hovanes
Corp. James R. Anderson
Sgt. Fred Mathis
Pacific

NO WHINNIES AT CHOW

Sirs:

Thanks for clearing up the mystery of horse meat at chow (November Sound Off).

We handlers at War Dog School had a strong suspicion that the canines weren't the only ones eating broomtail steaks.

The Gum Beaters of
War Dog Training School
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

SOUP GRAPES?

Sirs:

We'd like to see our two cents' worth in *The Leatherneck*, so we hope you'll print this.

We are snowed to learn from various buddies that Parris Island is now known as "Boys' Ville." When we went through PI we beefed, but now we consider ourselves as fully disciplined Marines. Do these "chickens" consider themselves Marines? They are living in heaven, compared with what we had

trained as Marines or WRs (no offense intended)?

Is this the rugged Marine Corps we've been taught so much about?

A Group of
Burned Up Marines
Pacific

THEY ALSO SERVE

Sirs:
To add a note to your Sound Off, very little, if anything, has been mentioned about the Marine pilots, especially those of us who have had non-glory jobs.

The Grumman Avengers have very faithfully flown anti-submarine patrol on every island in the Pacific, and I believe we, too, have done our part. We are mostly Reserves, but have done our utmost to uphold the best tradition of the Corps.

Some of us have served on both Iwo Jima and Okinawa, but nothing is ever said about the ASP boys.

Lt. Benjamin L. Eby
Pacific

HAPPY GYRENE

Sirs:
We have no beefs. We're just a couple of contented Marines. We have over a cruise in the Corps and this is our first letter to *The Leatherneck*. We think it's a swell magazine.

After reading Sound Off, and all the gum-beating, we have concluded that our biggest gripe is — we have no gripe!

For all would-be Marines who are always crying on someone's shoulder, wanting to go home because they have so many points (at least 40), we wish to refer them to (surprise!!) Commanding Officer of their home guard. (Points made with all Corps Chaplains!)

Incidentally, we have ours. For the benefit of our brothers in arms, and those who doubt our veracity and integrity, we have 40 odd months apiece overseas.

Corp. B. R. Graves
Corp. F. L. Paythress
China

GYNGLES DEFENDED

Sirs:
In reading the October Sound Off, I was rather surprised at what PFC Homer Baugh, Jr., had to say about not liking Gyrene Gynghles.

I'd just like to say that I've always enjoyed reading these poems, which he refers to as "corny," and consider many of them much more than just beautiful.

Perhaps he doesn't have any soul for poetry, but then he could always skip over that column, rather than make such ignorance public.

Thanks for publishing such a swell magazine.

A Marine's Sweetheart
Marie T. LaDue
Philadelphia, Pa.

GRIPE ABOUT GRIPERS

Sirs:
I have a couple of things to cover that I'd like you to include in Sound Off.

First is that if the soldiers and sailors who read our magazine don't like what is written about them, they don't have to read it. *Leatherneck* is written by Marines for Marines, and it is Marines who should be doing the complaining if there is any to be done. The Army and Navy publications are for the Army and Navy, and *Leatherneck* is for Marines.

Second, I want to protest against those who gumbeat about

the Corps in the Marine Corps. I've been a private for three years and three months, and there are no red marks against me in my record book.

I was only overseas for 16 months, but it wasn't my fault it wasn't longer, as I was wounded and sent back Stateside. I served with the 22nd Marines and was with them on the Marshalls and Guam operations.

Pvt. Cecil W. Lockridge
Daytona Beach, Fla.

MIKE STRIKE

Sirs:
I have taken *Leatherneck* for some time now and it's one swell magazine. I've stood all the Army gripe I can, so I thought I'd do some sounding off myself.

In the October Sound Off, Pvt. R. D. Smith said that it was an all Army show in the defense of Buri airstrip. Well — maybe — but I should think that our *Leatherneck* correspondents ought to know who was fighting and where!! And as the Editors said — "*Leatherneck's* intention was not to discredit the Army, but simply to present MARINE action in this battle, which would be of greatest interest to the majority of our readers."

And after all, this is a Marine magazine.

"Mike"
A Marine Admirer
San Diego, Calif.

INDIGNANT GYRENE

Sirs:
I'm writing a few lines in defense of our buddies, the Seabees. I think it should appear in Sound Off so that everyone can see the type of justice some people prefer to give them.

Last week a good friend of mine from the 94th NCB visited a Red Cross canteen here on the island. At the time, he was garbed in the green working uniform that only the Seabees wear, so he couldn't have been mistaken for anything else. He went up to a counter where a Red Cross girl was serving refreshments, with the idea of getting some. Instead, she said to him: "I'm sorry, Mac, but we just serve fighting men here."

Now I ask you, was that fair?

The 94th, by the way, was at Okinawa.

PFC William A. Palmer
Pacific

ATTENTION VMSB 244

Sirs:
I'm writing this letter in hopes that some of the men in my old outfit will see it. Since returning to the States, I've been discharged and would like to contact some of them.

If any men in the ordnance department of VMSB 244 read this, I hope they will drop me a line.

I'm still receiving *Leatherneck* and enjoy it very much. Hope you'll keep it going.

James F. Rudell
2637 Byron Ave.
Louisville, Ky.

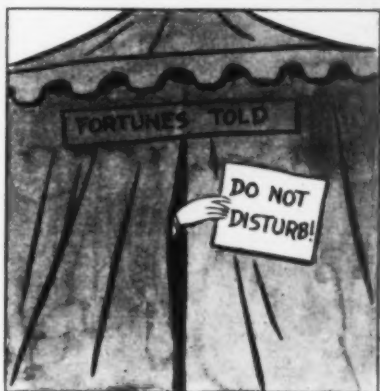
DECORATIONS FOR AIRMEN

Sirs:
Navy Department Bulletin 44-1421 came out late in 1944 stating that all members of the Navy and Marine Air Corps would be awarded air medals and clusters for each five combat missions, after the system used by the Army. This was to be effective 1 January 1945.

One of the boys here claims that he read an ALNAV or Bulletin published later on that said this system would apply to

TURN PAGE

Pfc. Casanova—



DO WOMEN bother you? Do they trouble you by not following you around? A handsome head of hair'll help you have them following you around like bill collectors. Get your hair handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Thus: 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry, tight scalp. This prevents dryness, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. And makes your hair look more alive.

And now: 10 seconds to comb and your hair's set to stay in place. Try Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." At your Post Exchange.



Product of Bristol-Myers

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



*First
Choice*

CANADA DRY



**GINGER ALE
AND WATER**

So delicious, so pure, so refreshing...
enjoyed the world over



**COLGATE
CLOSE-UPS**

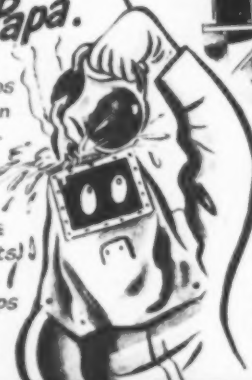


**TEA FOR TWO
WITH A 1/2**

...I just go to teas to tease the chickadees! They can't resist me, 'cause my skin's so yummy-smooth an' kissable... thanks to **COLGATE BRUSHLESS!** It's one 'no-brush shave cream that can wilt wiry whiskers!

**COOL Comfort
for HOT Papa.**

These asbestos snoods get hotter than an AA gun in Tokyo... and my tender skin was burning up 'til I got wise to co-o-l shaving with **COLGATE BRUSHLESS** — it puts that fire out 'cause it stays moist, keeps whiskers soft an' easy to shave!



**I SWOON
WHEN HE GROONS**
...Because Bill Stern is one radio star who's a man's man, and his swell show — the **COLGATE SPORTS NEWSREEL** — is a man's program! Listen in next Friday at 10:30 p.m. Eastern Time. NBC Network!

GET COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE AT YOUR P. X. OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE—TODAY!

SOUND OFF (cont.)

all aircrewmembers, even before 1 January 1945. Is this true?

Personally, I can't see why this system should not be retroactive to 7 December 1941. After all, things were just as rough then. We, I might add, aren't interested in the air medals, but only in getting the accompanying discharge points.

SSgt. Bryan Donaldson
Vero Beach, Fla.

• The general guide used in recommendations for the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal as contained in Article 44-1421 is interpreted to apply only in the cases of strikes and flights made on or after 18 December 1944. Admiral Nimitz has ruled that this regulation not be retroactive for service in the Pacific prior to 18 December 1944. However, this interpretation does not preclude recommendations for awards based upon specific outstanding acts of service performed prior to that date. — Eds.

PATCHES FOR PAT

Sirs:

My brother, who died on Iwo Jima, had a collection of shoulder patches. I've taken it over now, and I wonder if there are some Marines who would help me enlarge it. My brother subscribed to Leatherneck for us and we've been getting it for some time now. I read Sound Off regularly and thought you might put this in for me.

Pat Ford

Box 55

Cleburne, Tex.

REPORT FROM SENIOR CORPORAL

Sirs:

In regard to my being senior corporal, you left out the important part, which I think I stated. I considered myself senior during this war, which would be that period from 8 December, 1941, until 31 August, 1945, at which time I was promoted to Sergeant.

I want to thank you all for publishing my first letter. It's all in good fun, you know, and I'm getting a big kick out of all the answers.

Would appreciate it a lot if you would make the proper correction.

Sgt. Daniel J. Kohler

Pacific

SNAFU AND TARFU

Sirs:

The Army originated the phrases, but the Marines originated the conditions of the above two words. Just take a look at Letter of Instruction No. 914 and chapter 3(12) MCM, and take a hypothetical case:

Joe is a good Marine; his marks are up near the impossible 5.0. No courts, not even office hours. He did get married, though! His wife suffers an accident and is paralyzed. Joe is needed at home; his wife needs a larger income to hire a maid, and Joe can take care of the chores so that two persons will not be needed for the 24 hour duty. The citizens get behind a dependency discharge and Joe gets it.

Joe gets a Certificate of Discharge, Under Honorable Conditions, form NAVMC 74-PD, the same form issued to men separated under the following conditions: (1) Men with General Court Martials, and more than one Summary. (2) Men with marks below 3.8 and 4.0. (3) Men separated for Inaptitude, Underage, and Unsuitability. (4) Men discharged for disability due to misconduct. In general, the form resembles something Joe would expect to use to draw gear with, and with 1, 2, 3, and 4 in his class, Joe would feel better, and fare better with prospective employers, if he had a plain letter of separation.

Mac, Joe's boot camp buddy, is a good Stateside Marine too. Several warnings on appearance, conduct, and one Summary Court; marks just above 3.8 and 4.0. They finally get around to discharging Mac. He gets a form NAVMC 70-PD, "Honorable Discharge," which, beside Joe's Certificate, looks like a diploma from Harvard Law School.

Is the Corps TARFU or is that the way they want it? Understand, the Navy and Coast Guard use the same system. Cannot recommend enlistment in either under such unfair conditions.

Name Withheld by Request
Pacific

• Mailbrief No. 14443, 16 June 1945, states:

"... Enlisted personnel whose discharges are directed by this Headquarters or whose discharges are authorized under current directives by competent authority without reference to this Headquarters by reason of expiration of enlistment, convenience of the Government, man's own convenience, dependency arising since enlistment, underage, medical survey, shall be issued an honorable discharge certificate (NAVMC - 70 - PD) provided their records of service entitle them thereto, that is 3.8 in proficiency and 4.0 in conduct, and not convicted by General Court Martial or more than once by Summary Court Martial. (Exceptions: Men commended, see Article 3-24 (9) MCM, and men who incur disability in combat, see Article 3-14 (3) (d) MCM, ... The provisions of this directive are retroactive to 1 March 1945. Individuals who have been discharged under honorable conditions under current directives and who are entitled to an honorable discharge as herein provided, may have their certificates changed upon forwarding them to this Headquarters." — Eds.

FUTURE MARINE

Sirs:

I've read many issues of your *Leatherneck Magazine* and I think it's the best of the many books I have read about Marines.

It has good stories, pictures, and interesting news. I enjoy reading it and so do my friends. Every time they come over they ask if they can read *Leatherneck*. I like the Marines very much and will join this year.

I'd like everyone who is responsible for making this book possible to know that we all think they are doing a great job, and should keep it up.

Dom Esposito

Elizabeth, N. J.

COAST GUARD COMMENT

Sirs:

Perhaps you'll think we can't take it. In that case you're wrong. There is such a thing as going too far, though, and we hope you are joking when you publish such articles as Sgt. Lasswell's "All For One," in the October issue. The article itself was good; one comment, not so hot. (The article was supposed to be humorous, and was a facetious description of the proposed amalgamation of the armed forces. The section referred to is: "... The Army is amalgamated with the Marines. The Navy is amalgamated with the Army. Officers are amalgamated with the enlisted men and vice versa. The Air Force is amalgamated with the Seabees, the Coast Guard with the USO..." — Eds.)

The Marine Corps is a wonderful outfit; an outfit that should not be scoffed at because of a minority of wise guys who must have their little jokes. As for the Coast Guard, our record will show what the name does not indicate, though we still don't have any limitation on what coasts we guard. Most of your men have used our "taxi service" on some distant shore and it is only fair to listen to what they have to say about it. We've been for the Marines since the beginning, uniting, I guess, so we wouldn't be trampled on or smothered by our "allies," the Army and Navy.

So how about a little square recognition? We're as ready to stand up for our *esprit de corps* as you are; as ever "ready" as the Marine Corps is "faithful."

Don't get us wrong, we aren't actually so sore at that one article that we can't appreciate your other fine features. We just want you to know that the CG is still around, and to add our two bits to the majority that's still behind you.

Best wishes for future success.

W. L. Russell, MM3c

D. A. Bergner, SM3c

San Francisco, Cal.

• We appreciate the spirit in which this letter was written, and assure all our Coast Guard friends that the whole article was strictly in fun, and no offense intended against that fine organization. — Eds.

SEMPER FIDELIS

Sirs:

In regard to *Sidelights* in the September 15 issue, I feel that "the handful of Marines who actually did sign up" were belittled.

I enlisted 11 December 1941 and came through San Diego in platoon 208. The platoons made

up of Marines who enlisted immediately after the war were approximately 206 to about 236. I have been in the artillery (10th and 12th Marines), parachute (3rd Bn., 1st Regiment), and infantry (28th Marines). I have been overseas twice, 11 months the first time, and 15½ months so far this time. I've been at New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, Vella LaVella, Bougainville, Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, Eniwetok, Saipan, Iwo Jima, Guam, Kwajalein, Johnson Island and Sasebo, Japan.

I have seen action on Bougainville (Empress Augusta Bay, 44 days) and Iwo Jima (24 days), and occupation duty on Vella LaVella (seven weeks) and Japan.

I received the Purple Heart and Silver Star for some work I did with my demolition squad on Iwo Jima. I have had 60 days' furlough time. I know of several of my buddies who remain from my boot camp platoon, and they followed pretty closely my trail until they were wounded or surveyed.

I am not a "flag waver," and I don't know much about the Nips' postwar plans. I have a lot of homework to catch up with. I intend to spend my mustering-out pay for a good sack, a ticket home, and a phone to order food sent to me in bed. I, as my buddies, fought because:

1 — I joined in a hurry because I felt it was my duty.

2 — I went overseas because someone else thought it was their duty to send me.

3 — I couldn't miss the boat.

4 — I was trapped in a landing craft.

5 — I remembered "do or die" as they started shooting at me.

6 — I couldn't get out of it.

7 — I still felt it might be my duty.

I have a lot of faith in the "eight balls" and "lug heads" who make up America, and I'm proud of being a Marine and ready to secure the butts in the Corps.

Sgt. John S. Lissner

Pacific

FLIGHT PAY EXPOSED

Sirs:

At last someone has exposed the flight pay scandal in Marine Aviation. I agree with Corp. Landgren's letter in the December Sound Off. In our squadron overseas we had several cases of misuse of flight pay.

As Corp. Landgren pointed out, there should be flight orders only for those who have to fly, or at least to those only directly concerned with the maintenance of the planes. In our outfit we had Quartermaster and Operations clerks drawing flight pay, when the first mech on the line was often drawing flight pay only every third or fourth month. In fact, the squadron carpenter even drew flight pay once. For this he earned the title, "The Flying Carpenter."

If they are going to hand out flight pay to office clerks and carpenters, I think that the cooks and messmen ought to draw flight pay, too. After all, they work harder than anyone (the mechs excepted) in the squadrons and have as much claim as other non-flight personnel to that extra dough that's passed out.

Sgt. Robert L. Sheehan
Fort Worth, Texas

END

It's pay day today—
you don't have a date—

You've money to
spend, but
still you don't rate

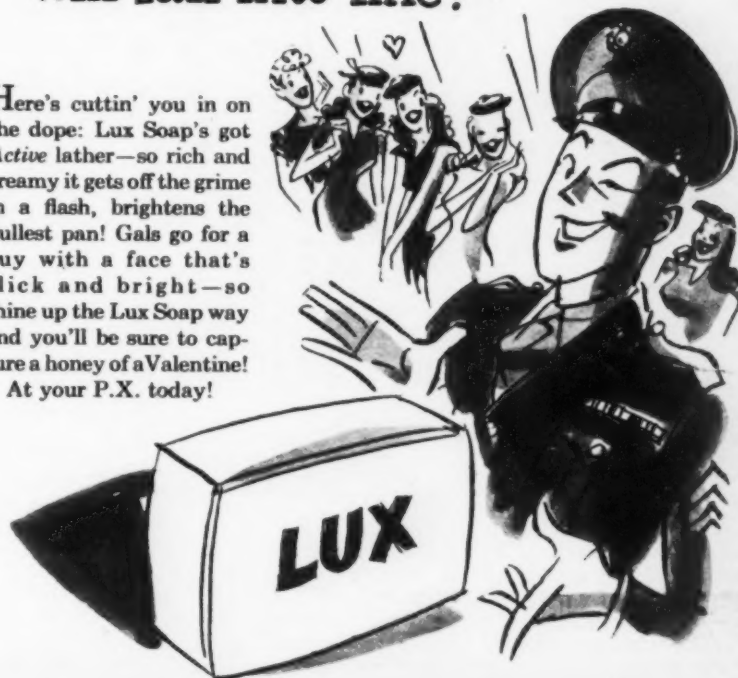
Then—



Now—watch how the gals
will fall into line!

Here's cuttin' you in on the dope: Lux Soap's got Active lather—so rich and creamy it gets off the grime in a flash, brightens the dullest pan! Gals go for a guy with a face that's slick and bright—so shine up the Lux Soap way and you'll be sure to capture a honey of a Valentine!

At your P.X. today!



BACKGROUND TO BEAT THE BANZAI



THE Japs prepared their banzai charge, and the Marines in their foxholes waited. Then the charge came and the Nips scrambled forward gibbering weird battle cries. Deadly spurts of small arms fire swept the clearing and the Japs — all that was left of them — went banzaïing back to their holes.

This was Marine Corps marksmanship paying off.

Multiply this incident thousands of times, on every battle field from Guadalcanal to Okinawa, and remember the grueling hours on school ranges from Parris Island to San Diego, and you have one of the keys to Marine glory. Battle is the payoff for the weeks of target practice each boot sweats out. It is the pay-off for the 40 years of competitive shooting

in which the Marines have participated. It is the Marine rifleman in action. In him America hit the jackpot. He is recognized as the finest military marksman in the world.

The Jap is the best judge. He was in front of Leatherneck muzzles.

"We were told the Americans on Guadalcanal

would be easy to defeat," a prisoner reflected bitterly during intelligence questioning. "We could dig ourselves into the ground but there was no escape. American riflemen are better than we. They nearly always hit the target."

The Germans experienced the accuracy of Marine rifle fire in World War I. When their men began dropping all along the line and their mighty drive on Paris was stopped cold, the Huns thought they were faced with a new secret weapon. It was the Germans who tagged us "Devil Dogs."

It wasn't always thus, Mac. At the time of the Spanish-American war the safest place seemed to be in front of a Marine rifle. Not that the Spanish were any better. Or any other military outfits of the day.



The first Marine Corps rifle team was no ball of fire, but it placed sixth in a field of eleven in national competition for the Hilton Trophy in 1901, thanks largely to the high individual shooting score of Lt. Thomas Holcomb who later became Commandant of the Corps and is now US Minister to South Africa. Holcomb was the only member of the squad too young to grow the fierce-looking mustaches that, with the Krag rifle, seemed to be standard Marine equipment. Top row,

left to right: GySgt. John B. Ingraham, GySgt. Richard C. Howard, Sgt. Joseph W. Barkley, Major Charles H. Lauchheimer (Team Captain), Sgt. Maj. Thomas F. Hayes, Sgt. William J. Boyd, Sgt. Fred J. Dionne, GySgt. James Boyle. Seated, left to right: Pvt. Charles Hastings, Corp. Frederick W. Wilson, Sgt. Charles A. Norton, Captain Lewis C. Lucas (Team Coach), 2nd Lt. Thomas Holcomb, Pvt. Archie Lovelace, Pvt. James Markey, Sgt. Joseph Kennedy, Trumpeter Thomas Dorney

It's just that the generals put their faith in artillery and not in the individual rifleman who could call his shots.

"Maggie's drawers" got a helluva workout in any target practice there might have been in those days. In 1900 the Marine Corps had just 98 qualified marksmen.

In a very limited way, Marine Corps marksmanship got off to an early start. Records contain a target report submitted by Captain Seth Baxter at Nantasket Roads, on April 8, 1779. The Captain notes that 3½ pounds of powder were expended in practice. This promising start died a-borning.

If the period between the two world wars has been the "Golden Age" of Marine Corps shooting, the 100-odd years prior to 1900 were certainly the "Dark Ages."

Many men may be credited with forging the Marines into the world's best riflemen, within the span of a generation. Some are famous, some have been forgotten. But the story logically begins with young Major G. F. Elliott, who came out of the Guantanamo campaign obsessed with the idea that every Marine should become a sharpshooter of unerring skill. When he later became Major General Commandant of the Corps he was in a position to get things done. The start of the Marine Corps marksmanship system is credited to him.

Looking around him, General Elliott discovered that virtually all the outstanding rifle shots of the day were civilians, or — hold onto your hat, Mac — state militiamen. Very, very few servicemen could be found among the country's expert shooters. General Elliott noted also that these civilians and militiamen had been holding match competition for some 30 years. So he and his advisors developed the axiom on which the Marine Corps marksmanship system is based: That competition breeds skill — competition to develop training methods, to develop instructors, to develop incentive.

In 1901, near Annapolis, the first Marine match team reported to Thomas Holcomb, then a second lieutenant, later Commandant and now Minister to South Africa. That first team wasn't exactly a ball of

fire. But, due largely to the high individual score of Lieutenant Holcomb, the team wangled sixth place in the field of eleven in national competition for the Hilton Trophy. The 1902 team got sixth place again in the big national match.

It was soon realized that lack of experienced coaches was holding the Marines back. A search was instituted for coaching talent. The Corps found one colorful old timer, Dr. Samuel T. Scott, at Sandy Springs, Maryland, who was a crack rifleman. The 56-year-old dentist was sworn in as a private in 1903, and was discharged as soon as the shooting

Leathernecks are the world's best marksmen. This is the reason why



by PFC Rodney D. Voigt

Leatherneck Staff Writer

season ended. For three successive years Dr. Scott re-enlisted as a Marine private, just before the season began, and he was discharged when it ended. He was paid off for the last time as a gunnery sergeant in 1905.

Each year a Marine team fired in competition and it began to look as though Leathernecks were going to claim the sixth position as theirs permanently. The bright spot in this mediocre period was reflected in the Corps' marksmanship records. Qualifications began to rise, which was the real purpose behind the

competitive firing. By 1909 at least a third of the Corps had become qualified marksmen.

But General Elliott, Major C. H. Lauchheimer, the first Marine Corps Inspector of Rifle Practice, and others weren't satisfied. They were not playing for peanuts. They foresaw the day when 75 or 80 per cent of the Corps would be qualified, and when Marine competitive teams could more than hold their own in the big matches.

The turning point came in 1910. The Corps discarded the old Krag service rifle and began using the beautifully precise Springfield '03. In 1910 the Marine team won second place in the National Matches and followed through by winning the 1911 Matches, with a 62-point margin.

Here the Corps hit its stride and the dazed competition has been trailing ever since.

In all major matches fired from 1910 through 1940, Marines have won 168 times, compared with 73 for its closest competitor, the Army. Marines have won the National Trophy, symbol of the nation's best shooting, 15 of the 24 times the match has been fired. The Army has won it five times. Marines have won the Marine Corps Cup Match 15 out of 31 times. A Marine Corps shooter has won the President's Match 16 out of 38 times. The Army supplied a winner four times. Marines hold or have tied 12 out of 17 possible records at National Matches.

In the Wright Memorial Grand Aggregate, which is an aggregate score of almost all the big individual matches at Camp Perry, Marines have won 12 of 21 starts. The Army scored three times.

National competition halted during the first World War, but qualifications had risen to 41 per cent in 1914, to 62 per cent in 1917 and to 82 per cent in 1918 — and a "time high" for any service.

As a special incentive in 1918 Marines were told: "Only marksmen or better will be sent to France."

A nationally-known small arms authority wrote of the Marine overseas force:

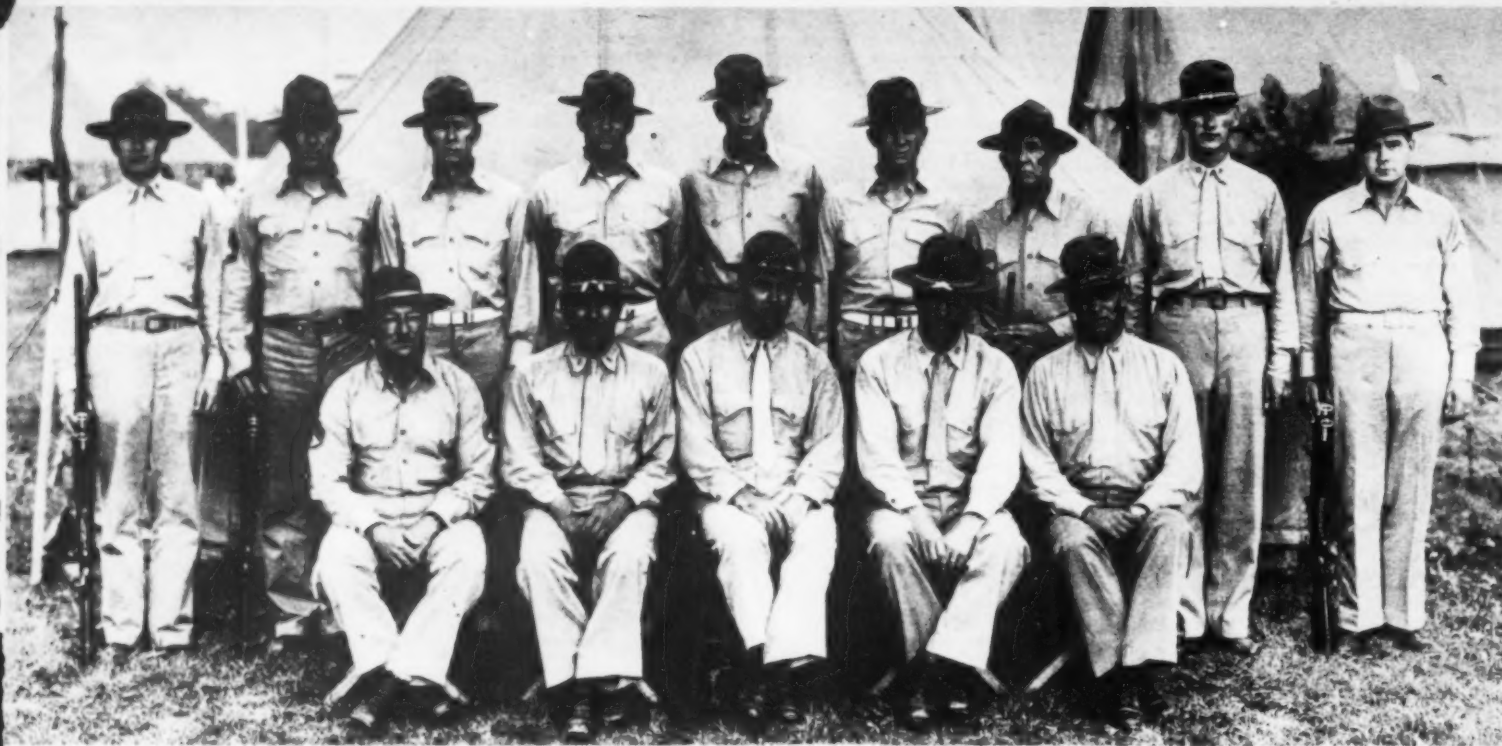
"No finer shooting body of men than the United States Marines ever went to war."

"The work of the Marines when they get into



The 1911 Team, using Springfield rifles, was first to win a national trophy. Rear row, left to right: Pvt. Ralph N. Henshaw, Sgt. W. A. Fragner, Corp. Augustus B. Hale, Corp. Fred Hammond, Corp. Michael Schultz, 1st Sgt. Thomas F. Joyce, GySgt. Charles A. Johnson, Corp. Emil J. Blade, 1st Sgt. Victor H. Czegka, Sgt. Harry W. Greene, Sgt. Claude H. Clyde, Sgt. Clarence H. Hartley, Sgt. John E. Peterson, 1st Sgt. Joseph Jackson. Middle row, left to right: 2nd Lt. C. G.

Sinclair, 1st Lt. Littleton, W. T. Waller, Jr., 1st Lt. William D. Smith (Team Coach), Capt. William G. Fay (Inspector of Target Practice), Capt. D. C. McDougal (Team Captain), Capt. Thomas Holcomb, 1st Lt. Ralph S. Keyser, 2nd Lt. Marion B. Humphrey, 2nd Lt. Bernard L. Smith. Bottom row, left to right: Corp. Tom Worsham, Corp. Walter M. Randle, Sgt. Ollie M. Schriver, Corp. Calvin A. Upton, Sgt. John J. Andrews, Sgt. Archie Lewellen, Corp. Ray F. Truitt.



The Marine 1939 team fired a perfect score, 800 out of a possible 800, in the National Herrick Trophy match, establishing a new world record. Front row, left to right: PlSgt. Broox E. Clements (Team Coach), ChMGun. Calvin A. Lloyd (Assistant Team Coach), Major William J. Whaling (Captain Rifle and Pistol Team), Capt. August Larson

(Team Captain), Capt. Marion A. Fawcett (Alternate). Back row, left to right: 1st Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, 1st Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, Sgt. Valentine J. Kravitz, MGySgt. William F. Pulver, Sgt. Bennie Bunn, GySgt. Claude N. Harris, SgtMaj. Nolan Tillman, 1st Lt. Noel Castle, Pvt. Paul Bird. Course: 20 shots per man at 1000 yards

action in France will be worth watching," he wrote. "On their use of the rifle will hang the final verdict (of the value of the rifle in modern battle)."

The Marines wrote the answer in German blood at Belleau Wood. German officers, questioning Marines captured during the fighting, marveled at the high percentage of marksmen, sharpshooters and expert riflemen.

"Their training in rifle marksmanship is remarkable," one report stated.

But the shooting world hadn't seen anything yet. From 1918 until the last competition in 1940, Marine teams chalked up a string of victories that has made the target field a virtual Leatherneck monopoly.

Starting with the National Team championship in 1918, Marines captured the title in 1919, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1925, 1928, 1930, 1931, 1935, 1936, 1937

and 1940. Thirteen victories out of 19 starts! Competing teams often numbered more than a hundred. National Matches were not held in 1927, 1932 and 1934.

Both the Army and the Navy teams defeated the Marines in 1920. But then came the "incredible year," the year of the Big Team. There had never been a team like it, nor has there been since. Rifle enthusiasts still rave about it, and some old timers who saw the team in action claim they still can't believe it.

Records were smashed to smithereens, and as fast as a Marine made a new record, some other Marine in the same match usually surpassed it. Before they were through, the long-range shooting game was in chaos and there were demands for greater distances, smaller targets. A smaller bulls-eye, however, had its drawbacks — drawbacks that were especially obvious to those riflemen whose shooting was not so sensational as the Marines'.

Finally, the V-ring was instituted, a smaller circle within the bulls-eye. It was used from 1922 on to break ties. Prior to that time, contestants just kept shooting as long as they stayed in the black. That could go on for hours, and with the Big Team of 1921 it usually did.

Trained at Wakefield, Mass., under Major H. L. Smith and Captain Joseph Jackson, the Big Team competed in three programs of matches, Wakefield, Sea Girt and Camp Perry. It won 44 of 71 matches and the National Individual and National Team titles.

Young Tom Jones, now Master Gunnery Sergeant in charge of the school range at Camp Matthews near San Diego, started things off at Wakefield when he fired 132 consecutive shots into a 10-inch bull at 300 yards prone, slow fire.

Then, at Sea Girt, N. J., in late afternoon with firing conditions near perfect, Jones went up to the line. It was the Libbey match — 15 shots at 1100 yards. No one had ever made a possible at this range before. When Jones plunked in his tenth consecutive bull, a crowd began to gather behind the firing line. Excitement began to grow as the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth shots bit into the black. The fifteenth came up a pinwheel, establishing a new world's record.

Jones continued shooting, and as the word spread up and down the line, the crowd grew. Shot after shot kept hitting the black. The other shooters had finished by this time, and everyone was watching Jones.

The mess sergeant came grumbling out to see why no one was showing up for chow. His eyes popped when he saw the score. He joined the crowd. Finally, after two hours of firing, Jones just missed the black at 12 o'clock. His record: 66 consecutive bulls-eyes at 1100 yards. Twenty-five years later, it still stands as the greatest exhibition of long-range shooting in history.

There were other sharp shots. Captain Jackson, in a ten-shot rapid-fire match at 300 yards in the Wakefield matches, fired eight consecutive possibles — 80 shots, all in the black. He finally quit when he became too tired to continue working the bolt rapid fire.

At Sea Girt, Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd fired 101 consecutive bulls-eyes on a 20-inch "B" target at 600 yards. In the same match, Sergeant E. H.



Sgt. Tom Jones, whose 66 straight bulls-at 1100 yards has never been equalled



Pfc. Alfred Wolters, whose 27 shots in the V-ring at 1000 yards set a Wimbledon record

Holzhauser shot 41 straight bulls on a 36-inch target at 1200 yards. And Sergeant E. J. Doyle, in the same match, fired 201 straight shots into the black at 500 yards, a feat leading riflemen of the day hailed as the most sensational shooting under match conditions ever recorded.

With these marks under their belts, the Big Team rolled on to Camp Perry, where Sergeant J. W. Adkins set a new record in the famed Wimbledon Cup match. He got 75 successive bulls-eyes at 1000 yards, and followed up with 80 consecutive bulls-eyes at 900 yards.

Gunner Lloyd, too, established a new record. He got 83 straight at 800 yards. But his record didn't last long enough for his rifle barrel to stop smoking. Another Marine, Sergeant T. B. Crawley, a team mate, fired 176 straight bulls-eyes in the same event.

There were other years that were "big" years in any shooter's diary. There was 1923, when Sergeant Doyle fired 201 consecutive bulls-eyes at 500 yards, and 1926, when Marines snowed under all opposition, taking 22 out of 23 matches at Wakefield, and 28 out of 34 at Sea Girt. In 1927 Marines entered 96 rifle and pistol matches to carry off top honors in 81 or them. In 1936 Marines won the National Team Match for the fourth consecutive time. No other team since 1910 has ever won it twice in a row.

THE Army infantry had an inning in 1937 when its team set a new record in the Herrick Trophy match — 20 shots at a thousand yards, any type rifle or sight, no sighters — with a score of 797 out of a possible 800. This was four points higher than any team had made previously in the match. They didn't crow long, however, for next year the Marines equalled the record, and with more shots in the V-ring, and, in 1939, when the match was fired again, the Marines chalked up a perfect score — 800 x 800 — with 123 shots in the V-ring.

The outbreak of the second World War closed one period in the history of Marine Corps marksmanship, and ushered in a new era featuring a new service rifle, the deadly M-1. When the national matches are resumed they will be fired with the M-1, since conditions of the match call for use of the current service weapon.

Old-timers know that the Springfield '03 is a more accurate rifle. But newcomers to the game, who cut their teeth on the M-1, don't know it and are going ahead to pile up impressive scores.

The standard course record with the M-1 is held by Gunnery Sergeant John Christopher Cochrane, 44, of Detroit. He fired a total score of 337 at Camp Lejeune on September 2, 1943, dropping only one point at 200 yards slow fire sitting, one point at 500 yards slow fire prone, and one point at 300 yards rapid fire, standing to prone.

Qualifications never stood higher than they do today, despite the mass production techniques used in turning out Marines. Records for 1944, the latest available, show that of all men firing, 88.2 per cent qualified with the M-1. A further breakdown shows 12.3 per cent fired expert and 31 per cent sharpshooter.

To develop crack M-1 marksmanship and to stimulate recruit interest in competitive shooting, the Matthews Trophy is awarded annually to the boot without previous military training who makes the highest record score over the standard qualification course. The winner's name, his score and the name of the range where the course was fired are engraved on the trophy, which is retained for one year by the commanding officer of the rifle range where the winning score was attained.

Private Herman F. Latall, with a score of 332, was the first winner. He fired at Camp Elliott in 1942. The high scorer for 1943 was Private George Long, who fired 331 at Marine Corps Base, San Diego. Two recruits, Privates Lester E. Dahl and Robert E. Davis, both of Marine Corps Base, San Diego, tied at the Camp Matthews range in 1944, with scores of 331. The award went to Private Davis because his score at 500 yards was one point better. Rules of the match are that ties shall be broken by the better score at the longest range.

That's about it Mac. These are the men, some of them, who made it possible for you to break up that banzai charge by singling out the individual enemy soldier and killing him with your rifle. It was their life long devotion to marksmanship that developed the know-how you got back on the school range. Most of these men are still in service. And they are still passing on to younger men the heritage of rifle skill, which, with the will to fight, is the foundation of the Corps' proudest tradition. Without it, we would be just another military organization. **END**

A Racer's Home Run

CAPTAIN LOUIS ZAMPERINI'S background is varied and glamorous. Competing as a distance runner with the University of California and the last Olympics teams, he won fame and trophies. Competing as a bombardier in the Army Air Forces, he won the Silver Star and the Air Medal. In May, 1943, he crashed, was reported dead, then was discovered to be a prisoner of the Japanese. Here he is shown after rejoining his parents, brother Peter, sisters Virginia and Mrs. Sylvia Flammer



Captain Zamperini's two sisters watch as he is greeted by mother at airport

PHOTOS BY ROBERT WILTON

An Army bombardier comes back after months as a Jap prisoner



At the family's first dinner together in years Papa Zamperini carves, his wife pours. The captain sits beside brother Pete. Opposite are sisters Virginia (left) and Sylvia



Folks at home had taken good care of Louis' school trophies



Pete, also an ex-star runner, brought out this huge scrapbook. Its pages record Louis' track victories



LAST DAYS OF General Saito

by Lt. William M. Thomas

TWENTY days before — on June 15, 1944 — the "American devils" had landed on Saipan; enemy planes had roared over the island; battleships had pounded it from Nafutan to Marpi Point, artillery had hunted out every crevice, every hiding place. Lieutenant General Yoshiji Saito's command had been split; it was disorganized; his communications were destroyed. Relentlessly, unbelievably, the American forces pushed on. Time was running out for Saito.

Tokyo had already informed him of the seriousness of his case: If Saipan fell, if this gateway to the Empire were lost, Tokyo would be bombed daily by American planes based on the spot of land that was fast slipping from his grasp.

Where were his reinforcements? Where was the Japanese navy, the promised air support? He asked Tokyo. Tokyo replied with only vague excuses. Even to Saito it appeared the battle had been lost.

One of the general's staff officers, who was with the command post in the final days before the fantastic attack of July 7, left an eye-witness account of the defeat. Here it is, in his own words.

I don't remember the exact date too well, because of the intense bombardment and the naval shelling, but about the time that the Field Headquarters moved steadily in the middle of the night from among the mountains in Chacha to the fourth position (4 kilometers into the mountains due east of the northeastern

He knelt down, faced the East and shouted, "Hurrah for the Emperor!"

limit of Garapan Town), the 135th Infantry, by now robbed of the summit of Tapotchau, was chased far into the Talafofo area by the enemy forces along the eastern coast.

At the new Field Headquarters a conference was quickly held to decide how to extricate themselves quickly from this predicament.

Some officers proposed that we should die gloriously in battle with a final charge now, in this place.

However, General Saito ordered, "Because there are many military units which were left scattered on the field of battle, gather these all together and construct positions from here toward the north in the narrowest portion of Saipan Island. You must chew the American forces to pieces."

At this point the staff determined those positions on maps, and they fell in a line running from north of Tanapag through Hill 205.2 to Talafofo.

However, in order to carry out the construction of that defense line, they had to gather picks and shovels. They were all in Banaderu.

I did not think that the plan, as General Saito conceived it, would work under these conditions.

However, before the positions were completed, the enemy was upon our front lines and we couldn't spare even one man as a runner during that day. This was 2 July. Because our lines of communication were broken, all control had to be carried out at night. Moreover, under these conditions of retreat, it is impossible to control the situation except at night.

Here is an example of that: The 13th Infantry drew back to rear positions a day before they were supposed to. When the Division Headquarters learned of this, it was already too late to stop it. Because of this, the strategic plan of the Division was ruined. That is to say, the Naval forces and the portion of the Army forces which had been fighting bravely and stubbornly around Garapan Town were cut off from a path of withdrawal. The 136th Infantry and other Army units which were on the east slope of Tapotchau were isolated. And what aggravated the condition most and was most bothersome was that we could not transport back to the new positions the provisions to halt the enemy advances.

We did not stay long in this fourth headquarters. Caught in the concentration of naval gunfire, the wounded and dead continued to increase.

We stayed at the fifth headquarters only two days. On about 3 July (I'm not sure of the exact date) we moved to the sixth and final headquarters.

This area is generally called the Valley of Hell, and we felt that this was an unpleasant hint and suggestion concerning our future.

The intelligence which managed to reach me at this last place was depressing.

On 4 July, an enemy unit appeared on the other side of the valley and fired at us with heavy automatic weapons. At this time I felt we were entirely surrounded and had lost all hope.

General Saito was feeling very poorly because for several days he had neither eaten nor slept well and was overstrained. He was wearing a long beard and was a pitiful sight.

That morning that very valley received intense bombardment (I don't know whether it was naval gunfire or pursuing fire from artillery, but it was the second most intense bombardment I had been in). It was so fierce that I thought that maybe the cave where the headquarters was would be buried. At this time the staff and Lt. General Saito received shrapnel wounds. I felt that the final hour was drawing near.

General Saito called his Chief of Staff and held a secret conference of his unit commanders. The contents of that conference were never revealed to us, but nevertheless it was undoubtedly aimed at taking a final action in realizing the end in true Japanese Army fashion. This final decisive action had to be simply one of two courses: First, to remain as we were and to starve to death, or, secondly to make a last attack and fight to the finish. Of course, the Division Commander and Chief of Staff chose the latter. However, in order to carry out the latter, there were many difficulties to be encountered. First of all, to what extent could the soldiers be assembled? Even if they could be assembled, only a few could be supplied with weapons. Furthermore, it would take two days and two nights to assemble them and issue orders. Whereupon the evening of 6 July or 7 July was decided upon.

Having lost the freedom of maneuverability, there was only one road open — a last all-out desperate attack. There was no hope of success. The final order and instructions were written up and undoubtedly resulted in the order to carry out the forementioned ceremonial action. The opinion of Vice Admiral Nagumo was probably received, but even though he was in the vicinity there was no communication between the two headquarters. Under these conditions the final plan was drawn up. However, since the fighting on Saipan Island was under the command of Saito, combining both Army and Navy forces, this was quite proper.

Officer messengers took a period of almost three days and nights to disseminate orders to the unit commanders in various places.

After issuing the orders, it seemed that the work of Headquarters was finished. Everyone put his personal belongings in order. By the kindness of the headquarters cook a farewell feast for General Saito was prepared for the evening of the 5th. However, this consisted of only sake and canned crab meat.

WHY did they have this last farewell feast? Since General Saito, because of his age and the exhausted condition of his body, would not participate in the attack of the 7th and had decided to commit suicide in the cave, it was fated. Ten A.M., 6 July! This time was set by the General himself as the final hour. I had to be up at the front that morning in a liaison capacity, so was unable to witness the final hour.

I think that it happened in the following manner: Cleaning a spot on the rock himself, Saito sat down. Facing the misty East, saying 'TENNO HEIKO! BANZAI!' (Hurrah for the Emperor!), he drew his own blood first with his own sword and then his adjutant shot him in the head with a pistol.

When I returned to the headquarters from my duties, (10 P.M., 6 July) they had already cremated the General's body. He had probably said, 'It makes little difference (in this battle) whether I die today or tomorrow, so I will die first! I will meet my staff in YASUKUNI Shrine! 3 A.M., 7 July!' This was the time ordered for the commencement of the attack.

Because the units were confused and mixed as described previously, in the middle of the night of 6 July we set out for Matansha to gather the troops. However, as usual, we were shelled enroute. At 0330, 7 July, the troops who were able to gather at Matansha, the non-combatant troops of the headquarters, all together totaled barely 600. Many had no weapons. The total participants I would estimate at about 1500, mixed Army and Navy.

The battle commences! We had only one machine gun, but it kept firing bravely, making night into day! About the time the gun was silenced, the whole attack came to an untimely end, fading like the dew on the dawn of the 7th.

7 July! This is a significant day in the war. This is the day marking the end of the fighting on Saipan, the day when the brave officers and men of the Japanese Army follow General Saito to his end.

I will attack the enemy alone again soon and join my brave comrades!

It may be reasonably assumed that the author of the account was granted his wish — the 4th Division Marines who took over this zone of action the next day were quite accommodating. **END**

Mac's Deal was Better

"**S**AY, Mac, ya got a match?" Tall, good-looking Joe McGrath, warmly dressed in his Marine winter service greens, turned from the Fifth Avenue travel window and looked at the shivering figure addressing him.

A medium, hunched-up man in his thirties in a threadbare serge suit, the top of which was secured over his chest with a safety pin, had edged up to him. He was holding a half-smoked cigaret in his purplish fingers. Each gust of late November wind that swept down New York's fashion promenade that evening caused an involuntary shudder to shake his frame.

"Why, sure," the Marine answered him, "you just reminded me. I wanted a smoke, too."

McGrath reached across the front of his blouse and took a pack of cigarets from his left pocket.

"One of mine," he said as he handed the pack to the stranger.

The stranger slipped up into McGrath's face and stuck the butt into his pants pocket, taking one of the preferred cigarets.

McGrath replaced the pack and in the same motion brought out a nickel-plated lighter. First he held it to the stranger's cigaret, then he lit his own.

With a nod, McGrath half turned to resume his idle survey of the window, but the stranger checked him by placing a timid hand on the sleeve of his blouse.

"Greens," he said wistfully as he touched the garment. "Ya know, I knew a Marine once. We were great pals. All he'd talk about was Guada'c'nal, Guada'c'nal—all the time."

"One night," the stranger continued, "he and a buddy of his, Charlie Williams, a PFC, were lyin' in a foxhole on the front. The Japs had been givin' 'em a lotta trouble that day. They'd been makin' bayonet charges and saber charges. Bayonet charges and saber charges."

"By night time these two Marines were all fagged out, but those crazy Japs just kept makin' those suicide charges. They'd come five or six at a time. They'd all get killed—but there'd always be some more of 'em."

McGRATH stirred uneasily. He looked around. No one seemed to be paying any attention to the ill-assorted pair. The stranger continued:

"That game went on almost all night. 'Long towards morning, though, the little guys seemed to get fazed, too. It was quiet for about an hour when my buddy told young Charlie to catch a few winks and then if there was time before daylight, that he'd catch a few himself."

"This Charlie was just a kid—he couldn'ta been over 20—and he was married. He was always talkin' about his 'missus' or his mom. That's what he always called her: 'my mom.' It was 'my mom' this or 'my mom' that. 'My mom bakes the best pies in the world,' or 'wonder what my mom's doin' now?'"

"Oh yeah, if he wasn't talkin' about his folks, it'd be about the big bands that came to his town. He was from Topeka or Toles or somethin'. No wonder it was a big thing for him—imagine any kind of a band goin' to a town with a name like that!"

Big Joe McGrath, ill at ease, found himself interested despite himself.

"Well, my buddy shifted around and tried

to find a position that wasn't too uncomfortable—ya know how cramped two-man foxholes are—and 'the chicken'—that's what everybody called young Charlie—fell sound asleep, lyin' on his back with his face facin' up at the sky so peaceful like . . ."

The stranger took a quick, deep drag at his cigaret and hastened on with his tale as if afraid the Marine would leave without hearing it through.

"That mornin', when it began to get light, my buddy started to look the terrain over in front of the foxhole. Ya know how those Japs work. Everythin' 'll be quiet for a long time just around dawn and then all hell 'll break loose and the Nips 'll be shootin' at you from behind, from the sides and even from above. So he started to give the area the double O so's to have an idea what to shoot at when the blitz started."

"He gave the front and left side a pretty fair goin' over when somethin' caused him to turn quickly to his right front."

"My buddy told me afterward that he never knew what it was made him turn so suddenly in exactly that direction—but he did."

"There was an old, bentup tree there. My buddy saw it the day before but it was so close he didn't think anyone could get near it, much less in it, without makin' some noise to give 'im away."

"But here was this tree and it had a Jap in it. Those Japs really can hide themselves in a tree but I guess that in the dark this Jap didn't know that he was so close to our foxhole cause when I—when my buddy—looked up, he saw this Jap."

The stranger took another hasty pull at his cigaret and continued with the smoke streaming from his mouth and nose.

"The Jap had these two Marines sighted before my buddy saw him—and he was drawin' a bead on the head of that sleepin' babe, the chicken."

"My buddy had his Tommy gun in position and everythin' but he just couldn't fire. And, worst of all, he didn't even shove the chicken. He just continued leanin' against the front of his foxhole with his mouth wide open and stared."

"A sharp 'crack' brought him to. He moved his gun into position and fired a couple of bursts. But it was too late. When he turned to look at the chicken, he saw a small puncture on the kid's forehead and just a drop of blood."

"Then somethin' snapped in that guy—my buddy. He just wasn't any good for anythin' any more. They sent him to hospitals all over the Pacific—but none of 'em did him any good. At first he couldn't even talk. Later, they got 'im talkin' again but that was all."

"Finally, they sent him back home to New York here. But they never could cure 'im. They, they gave 'im a survey."

The stranger looked up into the Marine's eyes. With a quick shrug, he averted his head and muttered a scarcely audible:

"Thanks again. So long."

McGrath's eyes followed the retreating figure until it was swallowed up by the people streaming across 47th Street. As he turned back to the window, his empty left sleeve swung around to his back and then fell into its normal position at his side.

"Guess I could've gotten a lot worse deal," he mused.

TSGT. ARTHUR E. MILLER
USMC Combat Correspondent

History Of The THIRD DIVISION

by Joel D. Thacker
Historian, Historical Division, USMC

WHEN the Third Marine Division withdrew from the black volcanic sands of Iwo Jima, its fighting men took stock of their killed and wounded and figured they deserved a good long rest. They did. But the war was reaching its climax and rest would have to come later. Back on Guam, replacements and new equipment poured in, and the Third started into a rigorous training program. That program was big stuff. It was the preparation for "Operation Olympic," a combined effort which would exceed in scope and ferocity any campaign the fire-tempered veterans of the Third had seen.

Their previous operations at Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima each had been tough in its own vicious way. But it wasn't long before the men of the Third realized that "Operation Olympic" was THE campaign. It was the invasion of Japan, and the Third's part in it was to seize the south and southwest coasts of the Island of Kyushu as part of the Fifth Amphibious Corps.

It never came off. The Japs quit on a TKO.

The Third Division was organized on September 8, 1942. The advance echelon, commanded by Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, was at Camp Elliott, near San Diego. Brigadier General Allen H. Turnage was assigned as Commanding Officer of the rear echelon, stationed at New River, North Carolina. Major General Charles D. Barrett reported at Camp Elliott October 10, 1942, and assumed command of the division, with Gen. Turnage as Assistant Division Commander.

On September 16, the following units were assigned to the Division: Headquarters Battalion, organized September 16, 1942; Special and Service Troops, September 10; Ninth Marines, activated February 12; 12th Marines, activated September 1; 21st Marines, activated July 8, and the 23rd Marines, activated July 12.

The 23rd Marines was detached from the division on February 15, 1943, making room for the Third

Marines. The latter regiment had been activated June 16, 1942, for service in Samoa, joining the Second Marine Brigade at Tutuila on September 14. It was assigned to the Third Division effective March 1, 1943, but remained in Samoa on temporary detached duty. The Third sailed from Samoa on May 23, 1943, and joined the division at Auckland six days later.

In November, 1942, units of the division commenced active training for combat and during the next month began landing exercises from APAs at Camp Pendleton and North Island. Progressive training continued until the Division embarked for overseas.

The advance echelon sailed from San Diego, January 24, 1943, on the *Mount Vernon*, *Mattsonia*, *Wheeler* and *Crawford*, arriving at Auckland on February 7. The rear echelon sailed from San Diego February 15, on the *Lurline*, *Bloemfontein*, *Mormacport* and *Robert Stuart*, arriving at Auckland March 13. Intensive training was carried out until June 30, when the Division commenced the movement to Guadalcanal.

On September 27, Gen. Turnage, who had succeeded to command 12 days before when Gen. Barrett assumed command of the First Marine Amphibious Corps, received instructions outlining a proposed mission to "seize and hold Treasury Island and Empress Augusta Bay Area, Bougainville Island, and construct airfields in the vicinity of Empress Augusta Bay." The tentative task assigned the Third was to "land in the vicinity of Cape Torokina, seize, occupy, and defend a beachhead to include Puruata Island and an adjacent island, the Laruma River 3750 yards west of Cape Torokina, a line approximately 2250 yards inland from the beach, and the Torokina River 3600 yards east of Cape Torokina, and be prepared to continue the attack in coordination with the 37th Infantry Division (upon its arrival subsequent to D-day), to extend the beachhead, establish long-

range radar naval base facilities, and construct airfields in the Torokina area."

The Bougainville operation was not intended to conquer an entire island, but was designed to seize a beachhead which could accommodate a bomber field, fighter strip and an advance naval base. It was a flanking movement to cut the enemy's line of communication, avoid a frontal attack and force the Jap to withdraw eventually from his strongest positions without a fight. It was designed not only to leave thousands of Japanese troops slowly strangling in southern Bougainville, Choiseul and the Shortlands area, but also to advance our air and naval bases so Rabaul, New Britain and other enemy bases in the Bismarck Archipelago could be blasted.

At 0730 on November 1, elements of the Third invaded the Cape Torokina area. The landing was preceded by a 15-minute naval and aerial bombardment.

As landing boats of the 1st Battalion moved around Puruata Island they came under the cross-fire of machine guns emplaced on the island and on the mainland, and of a 75-mm gun located near the Cape. Six boats were hit by the 75 and while two sank in deep water the remainder either were beached or managed to get close enough for personnel to get ashore. Fourteen men, carried as missing in action, are believed to have been lost. After landing on the right flank of the division perimeter, the battalion encountered heavy resistance from a small Jap force occupying 18 pillboxes and bunkers.

The Second Raider Regiment (Provisional), less the 3rd Battalion, landed on the left of the 1st Battalion and met light machine gun and mortar fire. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions landed to the left of the Raiders and encountered little opposition. The Ninth Marines had no opposition on beaches to the west of the Koromokina River but due to heavy surf most of the boats broached on the initial landing. These beaches were abandoned as landing points for subsequent waves. Thirty-two landing boats were lost during the day.

The 3rd Battalion, second Raider Regiment, which landed on Puruata Island, met determined resistance from an estimated 70 Japanese dug in and armed with machine guns and rifles. They were wiped out with the help of two 75mm half-tracks, attached from the Weapons Company, Ninth Marines. During the morning one company from this battalion was moved to the Cape Torokina sector to reinforce the 1st Battalion.

On November 3 the forces were reorganized and the beachhead extended in depth. Combat Team 3



Two Third Division Marines on Bougainville train their machine gun on Japs retreating

was modified to include its own Landing Teams 1 and 2, and Landing Team 3 of Combat Team 9, and was assigned the left sector of the beachhead. Combat Team 9, made up of its own Landing Teams 1 and 2; Landing Team 3 of Combat Team 3, and the Second Raider Regiment (Provisional), was assigned to the right sector of the beachhead, including Puruata and Torokina Islands. During the day the 3rd Raider Battalion mopped up Puruata and sent one platoon to occupy Torokina Island. By the end of the day there were 175 known enemy dead, 29 being killed on Puruata.

There was little activity during November 4 except for minor enemy patrol action on the right flank. During the day an airfield reconnaissance party, accompanied by a rifle company of the Second Raider Regiment, traveled some two miles outside the beachhead to select what was later known as "Piva Airfield No. 1." Due to the large swamps paralleling the shore line, together with the daily rains, terrific difficulty was encountered in moving supplies inland. All engineer facilities, therefore, were concentrated on the construction of supply roads, priority being placed on two access roads leading inland from the beachhead which were to be joined by a lateral road forward of the swamps.

Security and reconnaissance patrols were maintained to the front on November 5 and 6. Although enemy ground activity consisted mainly of minor patrolling, there were a number of minor contacts in which both sides suffered casualties.

During the early hours of November 7, a Japanese force which had been moved from Rabaul in APDs made a counter-landing between the Koromokina and Laruma Rivers, west of the division perimeter. Part of this force infiltrated into the perimeter and attacked the Third Division's rear installations, including the division hospital. Hospital personnel used machine guns taken from wrecked boats along the beach in the defense of the area.

TO COUNTER this action it was necessary to move the sector reserve (1st Battalion, Third Marines) into the line and to bring the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, (who had landed the morning of November 6) from the right sector into the threatened area. The 1st Battalion, Third Marines, passed through the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, and with three tanks entered action at about 1700, November 7, thus initiating the "Battle of the Koromokina Lagoon." After killing about 125 Japanese the 1st Battalion withdrew within the beachhead perimeter just before nightfall, after setting up an ambush with "B" Company just forward of the lines near the beach. "B" Company killed at least 28 Japs before withdrawing to the beachhead perimeter about midnight. An outpost of the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, in the vicinity of the Laruma River also was attacked during the morning of November 1; although greatly outnumbered, bold action on the part of the Marines resulted in the killing of 35 Japs. The outpost was evacuated by boat with only light casualties.



From Bougainville to Iwo Jima the Third Division fought, with a savage interlude at Guam between the two

The "Battle of the Koromokina Lagoon" was resumed — and ended — the morning of November 8. After a 15-minute artillery preparation the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, supported by tanks and artillery, passed through the lines, seized the ground in the vicinity of the lagoon and began mopping up operations. Jap dead: 277.

Meanwhile there was considerable activity on the right flank, which initiated the "Battle of the Piva Trail." The Raiders, who had been pushing up the Piva Trail, had established a roadblock 300 yards west of the Piva-Numa Numa Trail junction. On November 7 the Japs launched an ineffective counter-attack on the roadblock, then dug in west of Piva Village. The next day, following an artillery and mortar barrage, three Raider companies attacked the Japs who had dug in beyond the roadblock. The enemy force, estimated to be one battalion equipped with automatic weapons, launched three futile counter-attacks, losing approximately 75 killed and an equal number of wounded.

After bombing and strafing attacks the morning of November 10 the Ninth Marines (less 3rd Battalion) passed through the Raider lines and advanced against the Japanese at 1000. Meeting no resistance, the Ninth occupied Piva Village No. 2 at 1300, then blocked the Numa Numa Trail.

Meanwhile the 148th Infantry (37th Division) landed on November 8 and the next day moved into bivouac in rear of the left flank, where it relieved the 1st Battalion, Third Marines, and the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines.

On November 13 Company "E," 2nd Battalion, 21st Marines, advancing ahead of its battalion up the Numa Numa Trail, made contact with the enemy at a coconut grove some 3000 yards north of Piva Village No. 2. When the leading platoon was pinned down by mortar and machine-gun fire a double envelopment was attempted with the other two platoons. Lacking artillery, and with darkness near, it was decided to break off the action and dig in.

The remainder of the battalion and its supporting artillery were brought up and enemy's mortars and machine guns were quickly silenced. The action was continued on November 14, the 2nd Battalion, 21st Marines, attacking north on the Numa Numa Trail

in the vicinity of the grove. The attack, in which a section of tanks participated, was preceded by an aerial and artillery bombardment. This action was designated as the "Battle of the Coconut Grove."

Adequate supply was being maintained under great difficulties. The poor condition of the road leading from the beach to Piva Village prevented use of any vehicles except half-tracks, Athey trailers and jeep ambulances. The half-tracks were utilized to excellent advantage in supplying ammunition, rations, and other essentials to the front line. Because of extensive swamps between the Koromokina and Piva Rivers, which extended about 3000 yards inland at several points, amphibian tractors and caterpillar tractors pulling Athey trailers were the only vehicles that could be employed. The terrific punishment suffered by these vehicles is indicated by the Third Division's November 11 report that more than one-third of the available amphibian tractors were unserviceable.

From November 16 to 21 infantry action was confined to organization of the line occupied on November 15 and combat patrolling as far forward as the phase line to be occupied on November 21. Minor patrol clashes resulted in casualties on both sides.

All regiments of the Third Division jumped off in a general advance at 0730, November 21. The 3rd Battalion, Third Marines, supported by artillery and mortars, advanced against retiring enemy resistance. The 1st Battalion, Third Marines, also reached the new lines. The 2nd Battalion, Third Marines attacked to the eastward across the east branch of the Piva River, following an artillery and mortar barrage.

THE first line of enemy pillboxes was seized and a bridgehead established on the opposite bank of the river. The battalion then organized a defensive position forward on the line held by the 1st Battalion, Third Marines. The Ninth and 21st Marines advanced to their new lines without opposition.

The new positions were consolidated on November 22 and there was little enemy activity except for harrassing fire from 75mm regimental guns and 90mm mortars and the "Battle of Cibik Ridge." This engagement was fought when a Japanese force, heavily equipped with automatic weapons, attacked the 2nd Battalion, Third Marines. The main effort was directed against a 400-foot ridge held by a platoon commanded by Lieutenant Steve Cibik. The enemy attacked four times during the day, but Lieut. Cibik's platoon destroyed each attacking force and held the position. This high ground located east of the east branch of the Piva River and about 500 yards north of the East-West Trail, thereafter was known as "Cibik Ridge."

Considerable enemy resistance had developed in the Third Division's zone of operations. At 0900 on November 23, after a 20-minute artillery bombardment and a close-in preparation by mortars and machine guns, the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Third Marines advanced abreast on the right and left of the East-West Trail. The 3rd Battalion advanced over steep hills arising abruptly from a swamp across which the right flank battalion (2nd Battalion, Third Marines) attacked. Severe fighting developed after a 300-yard advance, but the battalions forged ahead. By noon they had advanced some 800 yards. At this point all units were subjected to heavy mortar fire, but the battalions reorganized and, with support of mortars and artillery, pushed ahead an additional 300 yards.

On November 25 a reorganization of units was effected in the Third Division's zone of action: the 1st Battalion, Third Marines, was withdrawn to an assembly area near the Piva River; the 2nd Battalion extended its lines southeast to make contact with the 21st Marines on the right; and the 3rd



from Hill 600. The Nips found the point too hot to hold. Adding insult to injury, the Leathernecks took over the Jap's sand-bagged machine gun nest and used it against them

THIRD DIVISION (continued)

Battalion organized a defensive position on the left flank of the 2nd Battalion. At the same time the 1st Battalion, Ninth Marines, and the 2nd Raider Battalion (plus two companies of the 3rd Raider Battalion) went into the line in the Third Marines' sector. The 1st Battalion, 145th Infantry, was attached to the Ninth Marines and the 2nd Raider Regiment (less 2nd Battalion) reverted to control of the First Marine Amphibious Corps.

After the reorganization an attack launched by the 2nd Raider Battalion and the 1st Battalion, Ninth Marines, gained several hundred yards before it was stopped by heavy machine gun fire. The attack was continued and the objective seized with little opposition the next day.

In the meantime relief of the Third Marines by the Ninth Marines and the assignment of the Third to a less active sub-sector had begun. By the end of the day an additional 896 enemy dead had been counted, making a total of 1196 in the six-day fight known as the "Battle of the Piva Forks." It was estimated that 680 were killed by the Third Marines, 66 by the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines, and 455 by artillery fire. Marine Corps casualties during the same period were approximately 333.

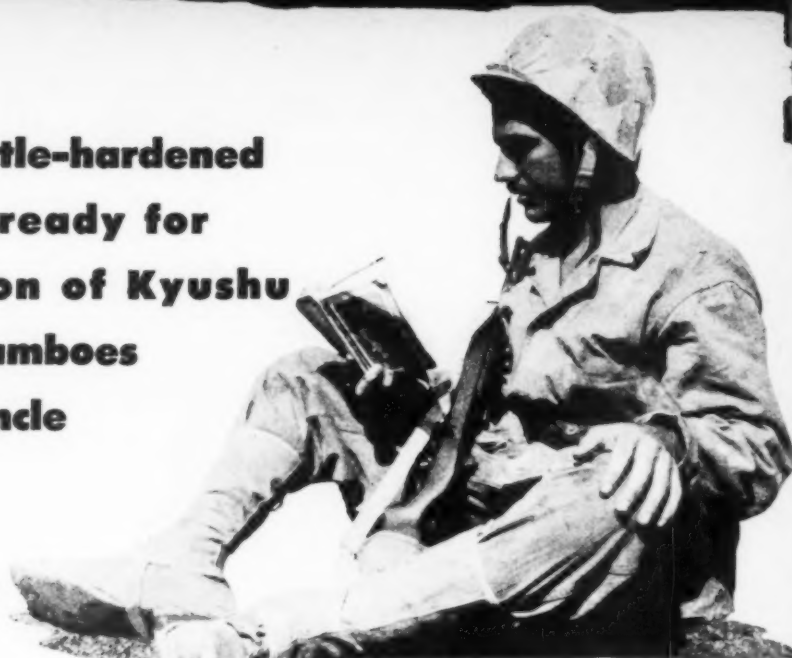
There was little activity other than patrolling and all-out activity to establish and maintain supply roads and trails until December 6, when an outpost line of resistance was established. In the Third Marine Division's zone of action this line extended almost due east of Lake Kathleen to the swamp north of Hellzapoppin Ridge, then south across this ridge to the left of the Torokina River opposite the village of Mopara, then west to the east side of the swamp which lies about midway between Cape Torokina and the Torokina River.

The 1st Battalion, Third Marines, meanwhile relieved the 1st Battalion, 145th Infantry, on the extreme right of the Third Division's front line on December 4, and the next day the First Parachute Regiment (less 1st and 2nd Battalions) was attached to the Third Marine Division. The Paramarines were ordered to occupy and defend Hill 1000, located about 3700 yards east of Piva No. 4 in the sector north of Hellzapoppin Ridge.

On December 9 the parachute regiment was attached to the Ninth Marines. Company "C", 1st Battalion, 21st Marines carried ammunition to the Paramarines and later reinforced their lines. During the day, four patrols from the Parachute Regiment were sent to reconnoiter their front in connection with an adjustment of the line. The first patrol was ambushed by Japanese using light machine guns in the nose of Hill 1000 which later became known as "Fry's Nose." The other patrols also made contact with the enemy.

The next day the new main line of resistance

The battle-hardened Third was ready for the invasion of Kyushu but the Shamboes yelled Uncle



Pfc. J. E. Ouellette takes time out between attacks to read Ernie Pyle's best seller, "Here Is Your War"

(formerly the outpost line) was occupied by the Third Marine Division and the 37th Army Division. The 1st Battalion, Ninth Marines, and the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, left to right, relieved the 1st Parachute Regiment on Hill 1000.

At 1220, December 12, Company "L" (Reinforced) of the 3rd Battalion, 21st Marines, launched an attack on the Japs holding out on "Fry's Nose." After two mortar concentrations and an attempt to envelope the position had failed to dislodge the enemy, Company "L" withdrew at 1810.

DURING the next two days the enemy positions were marked by smoke shells from mortars, after which SBD's attacked with 100-pound bombs. On December 14 the dive bombing attack was followed by a mortar concentration and an infantry attack. The Japanese, however, were still strongly dug in and progress was slow. To place artillery fire on the steep reverse slope of Hill 1000, a battery of 15mm howitzers was moved to the vicinity of the lagoon, 2000 yards west of the mouth of the Torokina River, preparatory to continuing the attack the next day. After heavy artillery and aerial preparation, Company "A" (with a platoon of Company "I" attached) and Company "L," 21st

Marines, made another attempt to drive the enemy from "Fry's Nose." During the course of the artillery barrage and aerial bombardment the Japanese withdrew to the reverse slope, but were prevented from returning to their original position by simulated dive bomber runs.

By nightfall Company "A" had occupied the western part of the enemy's position and remained there during the night while Company "L" was withdrawn within the perimeter of the 21st Marines. On December 16-17 the pressure was continued and the Japs were pocketed on the lower slopes of "Fry's Nose."

On December 18 twelve TBF's attacked enemy positions on Hill 1000 by dropping twelve 100 pound bombs each, and at 1234 the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, attacked with flamethrowers. The left flank of the battalion made some advance, but the right was pinned down by heavy cross-fire. After a mortar preparation and a second dive-bombing attack the infantry assault was renewed at 1630, and by 1750 the enemy positions had been overrun and all organized resistance ended.

Subsequent examination of the Japanese positions on Hill 1000 indicated the enemy had made an orderly withdrawal. During this operation, which



Third Division Marines break from a clearing through the thick brush on Guam in pursuit of the withdrawing Japanese. Medium

General Sherman tanks lead the assault. Jap die-hards continued fighting even after the island was secured. A few are there yet



A badly wounded Marine starts the long road back from Iwo. Two buddies carry him back to the beach. There were plenty like him



Explosives and a flame thrower brought a quick, if horrible, death to the savage Jap defenders of this Iwo strong point

was called the "Battle of Fry's Nose," the Japanese demonstrated excellent ability to take advantage of and to organize terrain features. Covered foxholes with connecting tunnels had been built deep among the roots of trees, and positions for automatic weapons were well covered by riflemen, making it extremely difficult to approach within grenade-throwing distance.

Meanwhile the XIV Corps relieved the First Marine Amphibious Corps of command at Empress Augusta Bay at 0800, December 15, 1943. Gen. Turnage was designated First Marine Amphibious Corps representative of all Corps troops remaining in the area.

By December 22 the 21st Marines had consolidated their position on Hill 1000 and were moving on Hill 600A, directly east, to which the Japs had retreated. They had fortified the reverse slope where it was difficult for our guns to reach them, and their automatic weapons were well protected by riflemen. As a result the assault troops were pinned down by machine guns, mortars and small arms fire. The hill finally was cleared by heavy artillery bombardment and a concentrated strike by twelve TBF's, which dropped 144 100 pound bombs over the entire hillside.

The Third Marines was relieved on December 21 and 22 and left Bougainville for Guadalcanal on Christmas Day. The 164th Infantry (Reinforced) arrived the same day and relieved the Ninth Marines on December 27. The next day the Ninth left for Guadalcanal.

The Commanding General, Third Marine Division, relinquished command of the eastern sector to the Commanding General American Division at 1600, December 28, and the 21st Marines (Reinforced) passed to tactical control of the latter Division. The 12th and 21st Marines, the First Parachute Regiment and the Second Raider Regiment remained on Bougainville until January 1944.

ON APRIL 4, 1944, the division received a tentative operation plan for an attack against Guam in the Marianas Islands. The Third Amphibious Corps was designated as the Southern Landing Force and consisted of the Corps troops, the Third Marine Division, the 77th Infantry Division, the First Provisional Marine Brigade, and the Guam Garrison Force.

The Third Marine Division (Reinforced) was to land on the northern beaches between Adelup Point and the mouth of the Tatuga River and the First Provisional Marine Brigade (Reinforced), with one Regimental Combat Team of the 77th Infantry Division attached, on the southern beaches between Agat Village and Bangi Point. The remainder of the 77th Infantry Division remained in floating reserve, ready to land on either beachhead, depending upon the situation ashore. The immediate mission of the Southern Landing Force was to seize high ground behind Apra Harbor and establish and defend a beachhead bounded generally by a line from Adelup Point, Alutom Mountain,

Mt. Tenjo, Alifan Mountain and Facpi Point.

The Third Division (Reinforced), with a total strength of 1134 officers and 19,190 enlisted, embarked at Guadalcanal on June 2 and 3, and sailed for Kwajalein, Marshall Islands, at 0800 on June 4. Upon arrival at Kwajalein the morning of June 8, certain shifts of personnel and units between ships were effected in order to embark the four assault battalions (3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines; 3rd Battalion, 21st Marines; 1st Battalion, Third Marines; and 3rd Battalion, Third Marines) on LST's.

At 0800, June 12, the Third Division sailed from Kwajalein for the rendezvous with the remainder of the Southern Landing Force. When the Northern Landing Force (Second and Fourth Marine Divisions and the 27th Army Infantry Division) began landing at Saipan at 0830, June 15, the Southern Landing Force remained afloat ready to land in support of the attack.

Although the setting of the date for the Guam landing (W-Day) had been withheld pending clarification of the situation on Saipan, it was planned to execute the landing on June 18, if practicable. A dispatch was received the morning of June 16, setting W-Day as June 18, but this was superseded

shortly thereafter by a message postponing W-Day indefinitely. The postponement was caused when supporting fleet units were withdrawn for a battle with a sizeable Japanese task force which had been reported en route to the Marianas area from the Philippines.

After suffering heavy loss in aircraft on June 19 and surface craft on the 20th, the Jap fleet chose to run on the 21st. Meanwhile the southern landing force continued to cruise just east of Guam and Saipan awaiting the announcement of W-Day. The Third Marine Division returned to Eniwetok, arriving at 1430, June 28, where all units remained aboard ship except for brief periods of conditioning and training.

THE Division remained at Eniwetok until July 15, when the LST group left for the rendezvous off Guam. The remainder of the division left for the rendezvous on July 17. The rendezvous was made as planned, and on the morning of the 21st the division began landing. Naval gunfire and air preparations were delivered as scheduled, and at 0830, following a rocket barrage from LCI gunboats, the armored amphibians hit Guam with the first wave of assault troops. The 9th and 21st CTs landed in column of battalions on Beaches Blue and Green respectively, while the 3rd CT landed with two battalions abreast on Beaches Red 1 and Red 2 with the reserve battalion following on Beach Red 1.

Opposition was light but increased steadily as the troops moved inland to high ground. Resistance became extremely heavy on the approaches to Chonito Cliff to the left of Beach Red 1, and was overcome only after a desperate assault. Flamethrowers, demolition teams and the massed fires of armored amphibian tanks, LCI gunboats and mortars aided the infantry. Shortly after the initial landings, Japanese on the high ground in the interior of the island began intermittent artillery and mortar fire against the reef, the beaches and the low ground in rear of the beaches.

The 3rd and 4th Battalions of the 12th Marines (Artillery) were landed by 1100 on W-Day, and the remainder of the regiment was ashore and in position before nightfall. Artillery reconnaissance parties led by battalion commanders were ashore as early as 0915, only 45 minutes after H-Hour. The 3rd Battalion (Lieut. Colonel Alpha Bowser, Jr.) actually opened fire at 1220 and the 4th Battalion (Major Bernard H. Kirk) at about 1300. It is probable that this established a record in the Pacific war as the earliest time that artillery landed against major opposition and went into action.

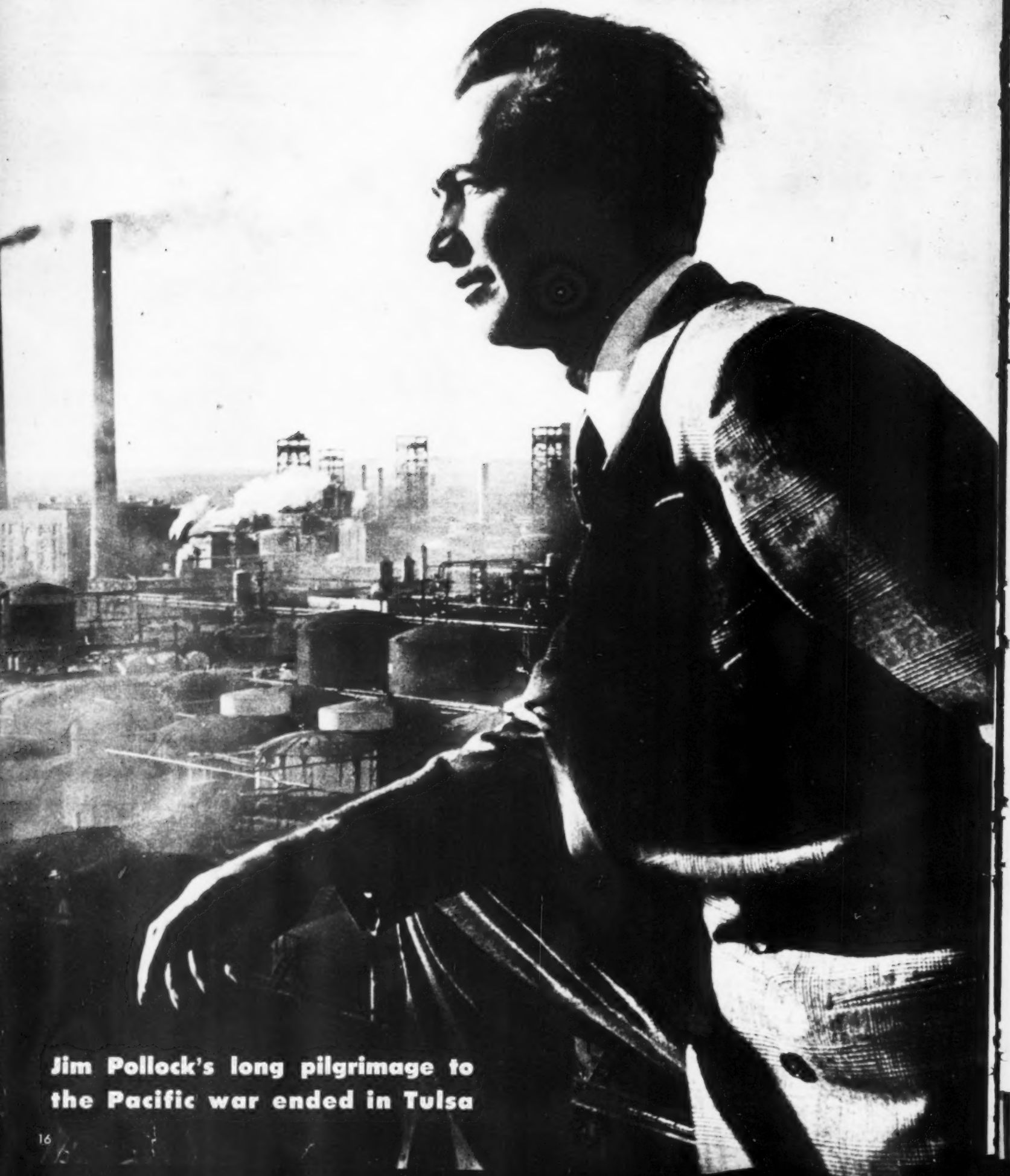
By the end of the first day Third Division units had established a beachhead about 4000 yards long and 1000 to 1500 yards deep. Asan Point, Chonito Cliff, and the immediate high ground to the center and right had been taken. Flamethrowers were working on Adelup Point, as were the LCI gunboats. Cabras Island, which could have been taken, was left to the care of three LCI gunboats for the night.

Continued on Page 50



Corp. Roy Webster and Sergeant Dewaine Fisk heat coffee in steam from an Iwo sulphur pit

A Marine comes HOME



**Jim Pollock's long pilgrimage to
the Pacific war ended in Tulsa**



The Tulsa skyline looks good to a Marine who was overseas before Pearl Harbor. Ex-PFC Jim Pollock stares out at the city's clean and modern

office buildings. The tall Oklahoman turned away from this window for a two-weeks' paid vacation. Then he went back to work at his old job.

Reconversion plans in Tulsa call for a square shake for returning veterans

by Sgt. James Atlee Phillips

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Bob Sandberg

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

MARINE PFC JIM POLLOCK was putting in a little extra sack time one Sunday morning four years ago, when he was awakened by a series of explosions. Those explosions were Japanese bombs being dropped on Pearl Harbor, and Pollock could hear them easily because he was stationed at the barracks just beyond Hickam Field. Jumping up, Jim grabbed a rifle, and he and his buddies began firing on the Nip planes. Some of the boys had light machine guns. They knocked down a Zero. There were over 1000 holes in the plane. It was probably the first one for our side in the Pacific war.

From Pearl Harbor, Pollock went to Samoa. He was stationed there for 17½ months. Combat training at Maui was next. His outfit stood by at Kwajalein and from that action went to Eniwetok. Guadalcanal was another



Jim Pollock was a football end and a wrestler in school. One of the first places he went was Tulsa's Central High School. Coach Melvin Riggs interrupted practice and greeted him warmly.

TURN PAGE 17

HE COMES HOME (continued)

Jim was with the 22nd Marines, Sixth Marine Division engineers. While on Samoa he built bridges of native wood and made cement grave markers. In combat, he was a demolitions expert. He didn't get wounded, but he did catch malaria, and was hospitalized for six months.

On September 22, 1945, the tall Marine came back to Tulsa, Oklahoma. His hitch was up, so he came back as a civilian and returned to his old job. Jim was lucky to have had the kind of employers he did, as you can see on the next pages. For Tulsa is classed as a "distress" area by the War Manpower Commission. Collapse of its war industries has left thousands of unemployed in the city. Because its problems of reconversion were especially acute, *The Leatherneck* picked Tulsa as a representative American city undergoing the painful transition from war to peace.

The problems of oil-rich Tulsa are, in miniature, the problems of the whole nation. The story of Jim Pollock's return is proof that Tulsa employers in general (and Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation in particular) have not forgotten who fought the war. These companies are taking care of their own.



The returned warrior gets a little homegrown leg art, at a party in his honor. MTSgt. Joe Crabtree (in the background holding the nerve tonic) is a buddy of Jim's. Party broke up late



After generating a little steam, party moved downtown. In Tulsa, you cannot dance where beer is sold. So Jim's party bought a case of brew

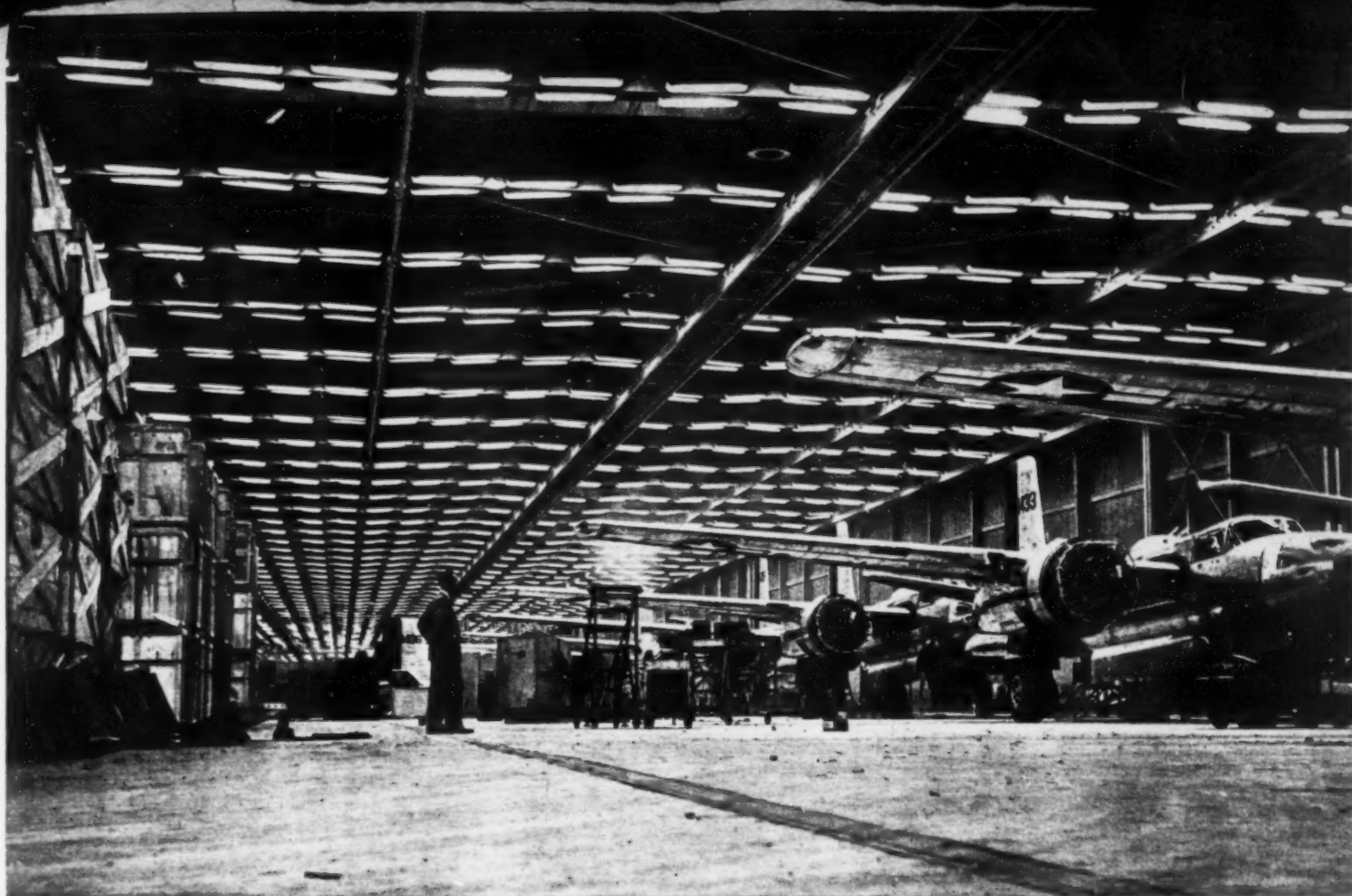
and moved across the street to the location shown in the picture below. This dodge is a local institution in Tulsa, where liquor is illegal



In the new location Pollock's party can drink beer and dance. Tulsa has many night spots and good whiskey is hard to get, costs a lot. Nobody seems to mind, and sales are brisk



There is a man shortage in Tulsa. Florence, Jim's wife, watches this exchange carefully



The production line goes into reverse. Among the many new things in Tulsa, to veteran Jim Pollock, was the enormous Douglas plant, which

is now closing. Here Jim watches sleek new A-26's, perfectly flyable, being dismantled. At its peak the plant employed nearly 25,000 people

TULSA, a wealthy "Distress" area

TULSA is a clean, wealthy city in the Osage Indian country of Oklahoma. Its riches come chiefly from oil and cattle, and its temporary distress period is only another facet on the prism of wartime inflation. The huge Douglas aircraft plant, pictured here, is now closing. At peak employment it hired nearly 25,000 people. Spartan Aircraft, also located in Tulsa, is more fortunate because it makes peacetime light planes. But it has had to eliminate a huge manufacturing and pilot training program. Almost all of Tulsa's oil field supply houses were either partially or entirely engaged in war production.

The situation in Tulsa will get worse. War workers who have plenty of cash and bonds are sitting it out, drawing unemployment insurance, and, in many cases, refusing to take jobs. Eventually they must realize the Douglas bonanza is history, and that they must accept lower wages if they want to work.

Jim Pollock was lucky to have a job to come back to. The employment levels of Tulsa's non-war industries have remained nearly constant since 1941, when Jim left. They will undoubtedly rise some in the next few years, but not enough to absorb all the people who will need jobs. The painful part will come when the idle workers run out of cash and bonds, and find that private industry really cannot pay the same wage scales as Uncle Sam. In the meantime, Tulsa's civic leaders and government agencies are working hard, in an attempt to alleviate the shock.



Jim and his wife visit Tulsa's magnificent Methodist church. There were no services while they were there, but the church is so impressive, even empty, that they just sat and looked

TURN PAGE 19



One worry he doesn't have—Pollock checks in at the US Employment Service office, but it was a formality. His old job was waiting for him

Oil-rich Tulsa was converted to full war production; now it is fighting back to normal levels



At the war's end, Tulsa deflated like a balloon. This sign in the Douglas plant tells the whole story of geared-up production cut off suddenly



Spartan Aircraft made planes and trained pilots for both our Air Corps and the British. Light plane production will cushion Spartan's conversion



Jim examines the deadly product that Douglas made so well and swiftly. Shrouded engines show the combat plane is a necessary victim of peace



Tulsa has a housing problem, and slums, like the rest of America. Here the returned Marine looks over the crowded shack section of his town



Jim Pollock's town has mansions, too, like this one. Some of the most elaborate estates in the country are owned by Tulsa's wealthy class



Here Jim inspects some of the war housing units constructed for the tidal wave of workers which hit Tulsa. First house owner has a plane

Jim Pollock's Company Honors Service Men

THE management of Mid-Continent Refining Corporation, Jim Pollock's employers, has no elaborately engraved brochures on what to do for service men. It doesn't even have a high-powered program printed up to impress the public. But a few months ago F. B. Koontz, head of the refinery, called his foremen and supervisors together, and this is what he said:

"The veterans are beginning to come back home. A lot of them are men we had employed before the war, and they will get their old

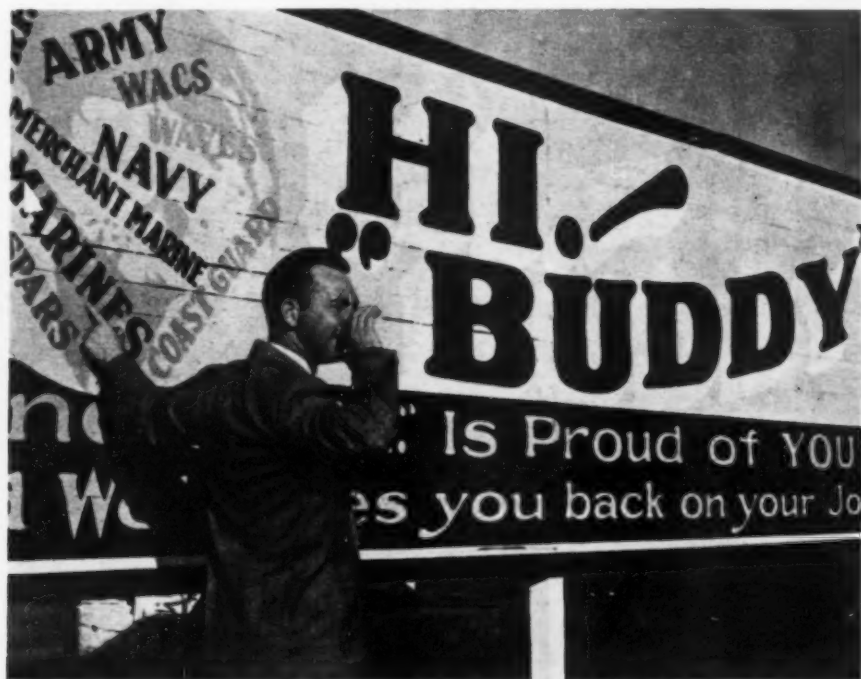
jobs back with accumulated pay increases and seniority. In addition, the company will give them a two-weeks, paid vacation before they go back to work. As fast as we can, we will hire more veterans who have not previously been employed by us.

"It is possible that some of the returning men will have been wounded, and will be handicapped. If this happens, Mid-Continent will put the men back on their old jobs. Then, if the extent of disability means that they are not capable of handling their jobs, the com-

pany will hire additional men to help them..."

The Leatherneck submits that this is a heart-warming indication of long memory on the part of management. While the magazine's representatives were working in Tulsa, this spirit of complete cooperation and regard for veterans' rights was always evident. Mid-Continent was not looking for publicity; it was merely exercising the blunt common sense that is typical of the west. The company's attitude is that if a man could go off to fight for his country, he had a right to expect fair treatment when he put his weapons aside and came back home.

Jim Pollock works on the heavy oil rack. He works a five-day week, on a rotating shift of eight hours. The pictures on these pages show him breaking in on the job he left in 1941 to enlist in the Corps. The huge Mid-Continent refinery is the producing unit of a large network of retail petroleum outlets in the mid-western states. Including dealers and jobbers, the company employs nearly 10,000 people.



Pollock points out the quality department on the big sign Mid-Continent has erected in the yard of its huge refinery. The "buddy" stuff is authentic, as the record shows



Jim waves to his wife, Florence, as he shoves off for work. They rent the top floor of this white frame house

TURN PAGE 21



On his way into the plant Pollock stops to shoot the breeze with Asst. Chief Guard J. E. Gordon, who welcomes him and asks about the war

In Oklahoma, the employers have long memories and do not forget the men who left to fight a war



Jim hustles a barrel of lube into place. He fell back into the routine of his old job quickly, and said that his Marine training had helped him



Mid-Continent fought the war, too. Jim calls greetings to an armed guard. The refinery had military contracts for secret aviation fuels



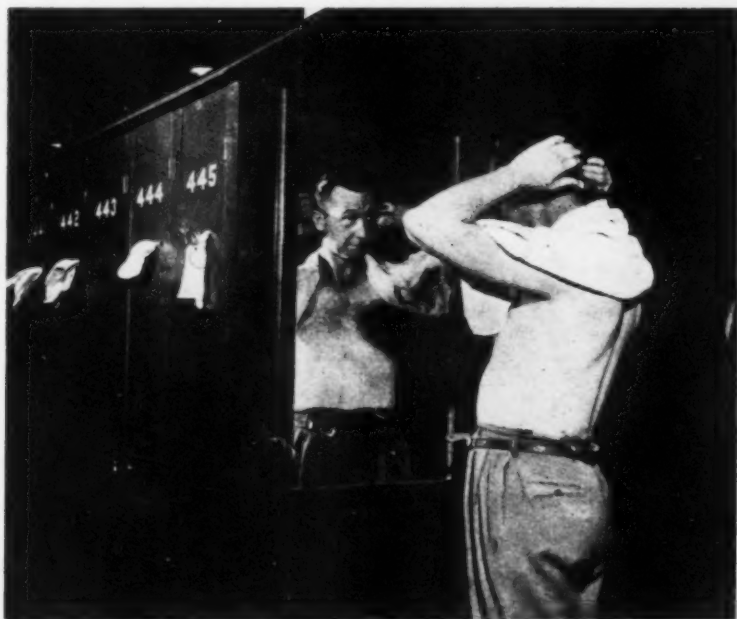
Three-ball in the corner pocket. The ex-Marine draws a bead on one of the recreation room pool tables. Jim, a stylish shot, made this one



Pollock fills a tank car while J. F. McConnell, the night superintendent, looks on. The big cars must be gauged frequently to prevent overflow



Bad place for a match. Pollock directs the flow of oil into the tank's compartments as gas wreathes up around him. Jim makes \$1.09 an hour



His shift over, Jim showers and gets ready to go home in the dressing rooms provided by the company. Each man has a locker and clean towels



Wearing a field jacket, Jim punches out. The ex-Marine is lucky to get his job back and Mid-Continent was lucky to get a trained man back

END

FISH and FROZEN ORANGES

by Sgt. Henry Felsen
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

**Or the adventures of our Henry as
he runs the obstacle course at one
of the hotels still standing in Tokyo**

SOMETIMES it is possible to purchase a few crumbs at the back door of the Imperial, but unless times have changed, or someone has put up a hot dog stand on the Ginza, the only place in Tokyo where an enlisted man can walk in the front door and buy a meal is the Marunouchi Hotel.

The Marunouchi (also spelled Marunouti) is located about 100 yards to the Imperial Palace side of the railroad tracks, and is the kind of place that can stand relatively intact amid acres of bomb-shattered debris and still look first cousin to an eyesore. Not that the Marunouchi is a dump. These days, any building in Tokyo with a roof and glass in some of the windows is an imposing structure. And, like many Japanese buildings, the hotel looks better on the inside than the outside would lead you to expect.

In pre-war days the Marunouchi was considered a third-class hotel, a respectable place where people of modest means could lodge. Today, with the grander Daiichi and Imperial Hotels taken over by Army GHQ for Field Officers and up, the Marunouchi has become the Mecca of wandering junior officers, enlisted men and civilians.

The hotel seems to be run by a small man and his large family. Every activity from obtaining a room to getting a dinner chit eventually involves you with each member of the family in turn, according to seniority, with the youngest daughter finally taking care of the matter. Coming into the hotel and going to the desk you find the rates printed in English, but from that point on it is strictly Japanese and gestures. When you indicate you want a room the proprietor shakes his head sadly and says "Full." His wife shakes her head sadly, the waiter clucks sympathetically, the babies cry and a little girl marches up with a key and your bill, which you pay in advance.

Considering that one American dollar is worth 15 yen, living at the Marunouchi is not expensive. A single room costs ten yen, breakfast, three, lunch, eight, and dinner nine plus three yen, 85 sen for the one bottle of beer you can buy. The total cost

amounts to slightly more than 35 yen a day. Considering that there are many citizens in Tokyo who are happy to pay 30 yen for a package of American cigarets or a candy bar, the cost of living in what style there is is practically nil.

As you walk into the lobby of the Marunouchi three bell-boys throw you a deep bow. That seems to be their only duty. The lobby is more than you expect. It has indirect lighting, a fake black marble fireplace, paneled walls and large Japanese paintings. One is of a black rabbit and some flowers. The first impression is of swank modernism. It takes a minute to see that the slipcovers on the chairs and couches are smeared with dirt. But the furniture is comfortable, and there is a "Stateside" feeling to it all.

The elevator boy also stands aside and bows as you enter his Otis. It is advisable, in order not to confuse him, to call floors slowly, and one at a time. If, in a Stateside way, one person asks for seven, and the next asks for five a breath later, the lad will probably compromise and make everybody happy by stopping at six.

A single room at the hotel rents for approximately 66 cents a night and it's like a glimpse of Paradise to anyone who has been tenting across the Pacific. At one side is a single bed with clean linen and a mattress about 18 inches thick. It is filled with straw, but feels wonderful. Next to the bed is a small table with an ash tray, and under the bed is a pair of slippers, a few sizes too small for anyone with normal feet. There is a comfortable chair, a writing table with lamp, a sliding closet for clothes and two drawers for shoes. Behind a small curtain is a lavatory with mirror and hot and cold running water.

The floor is looked after by two girls who live in what seems to be a king-size broom closet, where they have a mat to sleep on, a sink and a little place to make cakes and tea. Walking into the room that says, "Gentlemen," you may find one of them swabbing the deck, but they have learned that foreigners are sensitive about some things and will exit gig-

gling. In this room there are four booths with doors. Two of these are also marked "Gentlemen." The other two are not labeled. The difference is that the plumbing of the unmarked booths, while it is tile, is flush with the deck.

The two girls are very much concerned with the cleanliness of the guests and are always coming around to remind you that they have drawn your bath, and why don't you take one? They don't speak English, but get the idea across by saying "Bahss" and going through scrubbing motions.

The communal bathroom is kept very clean, and the door even locks. It contains an outer section with a large mirror, and an inner bathing room. In one corner of this room is the tub. It is of tile, about three feet square, and easily that deep when filled with hot water.

AT THIS point a word of warning is in order. Never enter a Japanese tub without testing the water first. If the maid insists you hurry because the water is getting cold, she means it has stopped boiling. Should you carelessly leap into the tub you will immediately leap out again, feeling that you have been hit by a flame-thrower. But when you have regulated the temperature of the water, and can sit in the tub with the warm water up to your chin, you will admit that even this far from home life has its finer moments.

To have dinner it is necessary to make a reservation between 7:30 and 9:30 in the morning. It used to be in the afternoon, but the crowd became too thick. Scores of people would jam the desk to make dinner reservations just to be able to buy a bottle of beer, and the hotel is trying to protect its guests. The chit you buy indicates at which hour you will eat. There are three servings, at six, seven and eight o'clock.

Before the dinner hour the lobby of the hotel takes on an international atmosphere that leads you to expect Humphrey Bogart to appear at any moment, opening fire on Sidney Greenstreet, while





Lauren Bacall lights a cigaret in the background. The Marunouchi is the only hotel where foreign civilians can live, and as a result it has its quota of European characters waiting for transportation home. For the most part they are Italians who were in the diplomatic service and interned after Italy was knocked out of the war.

You get to know some of these people. One, tagged by everyone as "The Boss," is a tall, grim character about 50 years old, whose manner indicates he is used to better things. He wears a monocle that is fastened in his eye like glass cemented in granite. He gets the best of service and sits haughtily by himself, glaring over at the mob with obvious distaste. He dresses in a carefully-tailored severe gray suit and wears white shoes. His impeccability is marred only slightly by the fact that as he passes by he gives off the distinct odor of mothballs.

Among the lesser fry is a lean man who wears a short, pointed black beard and then ruins the effect by chasing his two little children around the lobby telling them to shush. Another tall cadaverous guest, with a shiny bald head and thick black mustache, likes to tell about his glory as an officer in the Italian Navy. He will promise to use his influence to get you another bottle of beer, then disappear for good.

The sharpest character is a fairly young fellow with long black hair and trimmed black mustache worn in the best zoot tradition. He is always in a belted sports coat and white shorts. He would be rather spiffy in a hand-me-down way if he shaved more often. But the perfume he uses is one of the better things to smell in Japan.

There are a few women in the group. Two of them are youngish, with constant male attendance. (Husbands, it appears). A couple of others could be called "Mother" if they looked as though they knew how to cook. The one attractive French girl annoys every one because she is obviously no more than 13 years old.

No one appears to know just which side these people were on during the war, and no one seems to

care. Their main occupation seems to be waiting in the lobby from one meal to another, while the children climb over and play with GIs who find themselves giving away candy that had been destined for certain business transactions.

A tribute to the constancy of the Marunouchi is paid by one civilian guest who has just checked in. He walks to the dining room door and reads the posted menu.

"Ah," he says hollowly, "the same old Marunouchi. This is the menu we had when I was here in 1936."

At the appointed hour the dining room doors swing open, and all those who have first-call chits rush in and grab seats. The Japanese system is not to fill a table when it is vacated, but to fill all the tables at once and not let anyone else in until all the diners on the first call have left.

The dining room also is paneled in a light wood. It is nicely lighted. At first call the tablecloths are often fairly clean, but that there is a tablecloth at all is the important fact.

The tables are cared for by one male waiter in a white coat that can't have been washed since Pearl Harbor, and about four waitresses dressed in that inevitable costume that looks like a kimono from the neck to the waist, then somehow becomes a pair of trousers. The girls are colorful, if a bit slow.

THE Japanese dinner is served in courses, with a kind of clumsy formality. First on the list of dishes is that containing hors d'oeuvres. This consists of one small piece of pickled meat, a small square of tasteless pickle, and a little slab of raw fish eggs that have been taken from a pregnant fish. Fortunately, one is always hungry in Japan. Unfortunately, fish are always pregnant.

The second course is soup, which is both hot and tasty. The third course is harder to take. On the plate are three small fish, complete from nose to tail, including innards. The cold way a dead fish has of looking at you can kill an appetite faster than DDT can knock over a flea. But food is food and when

As you walk in, three bellboys throw you a deep bow. Indirect lighting is used in the lobby decorated with Jap paintings

there is no alternative you take your fork, cut off the heads and tail, hide them under a leaf of something that looks like lettuce, and try to eat the rest. This little experience leaves you with a mouth full of backbone, intestines and tiny bones before you give up.

The next course is the main one. A little raw cabbage salad, a few pieces of onion, some slices of boiled carrot, and a slice of meat about the size of a 50 sen note. And after that salad and coffee. Here is where you find out that "salad and coffee" always means small frozen oranges and a little cup of bitter black brew that smells and tastes like the juice of moldy straw. With this the meal ends, and picking up your bottle of Japanese beer you go up to your room and drink it slowly, wishing they would ice the beer instead of the oranges.

The one bright spot in the meal is the bread. Each guest is given a small slice of black bread and a tiny square of butter. The bread is sour and doughy, but it has its points when compared with the other food. And bread-eating GIs drive the waitresses mad with their demands for more. "More pan" is the battle cry during dinner at the Marunouchi. Or, if you have been studying your little book, "Pan, o kudassai."

After dinner the choice of sitting in the lobby or in your own room lies before you. Tokyo is a dead city as far as night life is concerned. As soon as it is dark the center of Tokyo is as deserted and quiet as any country town at midnight. There are some places of entertainment in the city, but they are remote, outlying districts. Trying to get to them by public transportation would be like having a Japanese in New York for the first time trying to find his cousin in Brooklyn. Even in pre-war days there was no Japanese night life to speak of, and even

FISH AND ORANGES (continued)

thing shut down by nine o'clock. If you were having a few friends in for an evening, and were still up at 10 P.M., the police were apt to come around and ask why you weren't in bed.

After a night in a comfortable bed you are faced by the prospect of breakfast. If you are wise you will have some rations in your kit bag, for the "compleat Japan hand" these days can be spotted when he enters the dining room with his hands full of food, canned milk and sugar. If you have to throw your stomach to the mercy of the Japanese you can expect to be met with a plate of boiled cabbage and potatoes, a few boiled carrots, and some kind of raw mussel. Following this, those frozen oranges and that coffee again. The Japanese assume that all foreigners drink coffee, but if you want something you can get down, ask for tea. "Ocha o kudasai." And don't be afraid to ask for seconds on it and the bread. It's a long haul to lunch.

A stroll through Tokyo in the morning is a little like going through Washington. Many of the government buildings are still intact, and a crowd of office workers rushing through the streets looks the same in any city. Many of what seem to be untouched buildings are merely frameworks of stone with the interiors burned out. Scorched rubble and rusted, burned-out automobiles are everywhere. Many of the cars that are running are using charcoal for fuel. As a result Tokyo still smells as though it were burning, and the streets are often thick with smoke.

The Tokyo department stores are trying hard to get back into the swing of trade, and some of them have one or two floors open for business. There is little to attract other than Japanese purchasers. The supply of mass-produced, cheap, gaudy trinkets is growing daily, and sales are brisk. There are a few items carved of wood and ivory, or some paintings that are worth while, but the price is up in the thousands of yen.

Most of the business seems to be done on the sidewalk, where little men spread out their wares. Here you can buy shoelaces, chopsticks, have your shoes fixed, buy cheap razors and toothbrushes, post cards, pictures of Japanese movie stars, fans, dolls and such assorted souvenirs. These vendors are asking (and getting) 20 yen for a fan that you can buy for four in the little towns, and for two if you can speak Japanese.

As you move through the crowd, men will approach you to buy cigarets or candy. The standard price for cigarets now is 30 yen, but it won't stand long. Drove of our sailors coming in on liberty parties are driving souvenir prices up. Loaded with

money and filled with contempt for what seems to be cheap Japanese paper currency, they will pay any price without a murmur and toss out cigarets like peanuts to monkeys in the park. It would not be surprising if the Japanese merchants get together and buy Admiral Halsey another white horse as a token of their appreciation.

Everything, by the way, attracts a crowd in Japan. If you stop to tie your shoe, by the time you straighten up you are surrounded like a football in the middle of a team huddle. There are a few bulldozers working in Tokyo, and these are without doubt the primary attraction, outdrawing any other form of entertainment three to one. If the operator would stand up and bow after moving some dirt the crowds would undoubtedly break into wild applause in appreciation of the performance.

WHEREVER you go, some Japanese who can speak a little English is sure to come up to you and ask, "How do you like Japan?" as though you were an invited visitor, and expect you to sound off with much praise. So far the Japanese can't be fooled if they get the idea that they are hosts to a bunch of uniformed tourists, since occupation is outlawed as military as a convention of Elks. They also assume that all American military men in Tokyo are officers, which isn't far from the truth.

Since breakfast was rather slim, lunchtime finds you back at the Marunouchi, where you plank down your six yen and go into the dining room again. Here the waitress comes running up with your pan and butter, even before she brings the first course, which is "potage pumkin." After the soup, like night after day, comes another fish in the form of half-cooked salmon or a fairly well-done herring. By this time you can taste fish in your mouth all day, and you are beginning to smell like fish. But you eat it anyway, and next down a little portion of pork and vege-

tables. And then, sure as a Saturday inspection, they serve up the little frozen oranges and the small cups of the black brew they call coffee for want of a better name.

No day in Tokyo is complete without a look at the Imperial Palace grounds. These are mainly hidden behind a high wall on the other side of a wide moat, in which swim the Emperor's huge carp. A few buildings are visible, and you can get pretty close to the main gate, where Army MPs and palace guards bar the way.

All through the day various Japanese come to the gate to bow and stand at attention. Others, evidently trying to make numbers, go through town beating a drum, gathering up a lot of the faithful who haven't much to do. Together they go to the palace grounds and stand outside the gate beating the drum and wailing and praying. Then they go away.

The one way to look into the inner sanctum is from the air, and no American plane that comes near Tokyo fails to take advantage of the opportunity to fly slowly over the abode of the Son of Heaven. And no military pilot feels his life has been worthwhile until he has buzzed His Imperial Highness.

The palace grounds stretch for several long blocks, and the lines of trees, the moats and high stone walls, topped by white houses, present a rather lovely landscape. But then, wandering around the well-kept outer grounds you see masses of white and less khaki and you realize that after four years of war the palace lawn of His Imperial Majesty has become just another park with sailors.

It is with some feeling of dread that you recognize hunger pangs as the afternoon wanes. The very thought makes you sound off with a light fish burp, and weary feet turn Marunouchi-ward for the evening reservation. After some waiting and palavering you secure your chit and are sure of something to eat. For an hour you sit in the lobby exchanging polite scuttlebutt with members of the Army and

A Yank hates to feel those pangs of hunger in Tokyo because they all add up to fish and more fish



They declare a full house, but a little girl brings you a room key and your bill

perhaps a civilian or two, but after a while you tire of this and get in the elevator and take off precariously for your floor.

As you walk down the corridor, Sasa, one of the maids, peeks out at you from behind her curtain and giggles. Because somebody before you took the hotel's key the only way you can get into your room is to use Sasa's key. "Sasa, kagi o kudasai" will get you another giggle — and your key.

After cleaning up, you go down to the lobby again, where you recognize some of your fellow "inmates" and they recognize you. Perhaps, later, one will offer to share some sugar and canned milk at coffee time, and you in turn will share some of the jam you got out of a box of rations. You are also nodding to a couple of the civilians — they are all anxious to tell about their experiences — but you are secretly disappointed that there have been no midnight shootings or beautiful women running down the corridor in negligee.

Dinner starts off with a slight variation of the hors d'oeuvres. Instead of raw eggs from a pregnant fish, there is a little piece of something that looks like over-roasted fin and has a taste to match. "Potage pumkin" is the soup again, and then there is another chunk of fish that has been dipped once in lukewarm water. Next come a few slices of boiled carrot, some boiled cabbage, and a "minute steak," which is the size of a ten sen note. All during the meal, of course, you are yelling for more "pan" and butter, and it is getting so the waitress is afraid to come near your table. When she finally decides not to give you any more she doesn't turn you down. She smiles, nods, and disappears — for good.

There is a slight delay, and then, looking the same as ever, there are two small frozen oranges on your plate and the small cup of black coffee that still

smells like a subway rest room. And once more your meal is over. Taking up your bottle of warm beer, you head for your room again, thinking of the hot bath and the thick mattress.

Arranging to have Sasa call you at ten minutes to seven is a task that leaves you exhausted. It seems that there are several systems of counting in Japan. You use one set of numbers for counting in general,



another for counting things, a third for counting people, and a fourth for counting buildings. (The fourth hasn't much use in Tokyo now.) You finally get the idea across by saying "Asu asa" (tomorrow morning) pointing to seven on the clock and then ten, and going through the motions of knocking on a door. Sasa knows the right words — something unintelligible that starts off with a word like "sjeejee," and seems to be a fifth way of counting.

By the time you are ready for bed Tokyo is quiet. A cool breeze blows in your window from the mountains, but it is more like three o'clock in the morning than nine o'clock at night.

Across a debris-littered courtyard you can see into some windows where scattered green lights mark a switchboard.

In another office a man sits at a desk working with some papers. Below, at the rear entrance of the hotel, the kitchen workers are finishing up with the dishes and garbage. From some building comes the sound of an accordion and a man singing what seems to be a sad Russian song. It echoes hollowly down the deserted streets and through the charred skeletons of fire-gutted buildings like the last human voice on earth. On some street you hear the roar of a street car starting up, grinding slowly off to nothingness the way street cars do in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and all the other cities of home.

It is the first time in the Pacific you have heard a street car, and as you crawl into bed you are awfully homesick until sleep moves in.

At ten minutes to seven in the morning, on the very second, there is a hesitant knock, and when you open your eyes you see Sasa's round face and golden-toothed smile peeking around the corner of your door, announcing that in the Land of the Same Name the Sun is Rising. **END**

THE LAST WORD

**Near death,
he thought of his wife; that was bad**



LIFE, as the mountaineer remarked when his wife asked for shoes, is full of surprises which, like children, often lead to one another in the most unexpected fashion. Which means that I was first of all very much surprised to meet Daddy Marchmont in New York when I had heard that some Nip had stepped on his beard to hold him down and then cut off his head.

It was a rainy day, and I had stepped into a doorway to escape the wet, and who should be stepping in and escaping at the same moment and from the opposite direction but Daddy, a Marine who is so old he can remember when the high leather collars used to rub the skin off his neck. I asked him about the Nip and he said some Shambo had tried the stunt, but the old leather collar had saved him again.

Surprise Number Two came when we found that someone had built a cozy bar inside the door we had stepped through to escape the wet. So we took advantage of this stroke of good luck to find a seat and also escape the dry.

I was getting the scoop on old buddies when Daddy touched my arm and called my attention to a Marine pilot officer who had just entered the place complete with the broad shoulders they tailor into the uniform, gleaming wings of gold, and a blonde who was a dream in structural engineering.

"There's a story in that feller," Daddy said. "A drama of life and love."

"Now Daddy," I said reprovingly. "You've been reading those true confession magazines again. I'm a rough man, but I have sentiment, and nothing makes me choke up like real drama, but stories like you read never happen in real life."

Daddy sipped his whiskey through a glass straw — he claims that strict attention to the rules of sanitation is responsible for his good condition and advanced age — and went on.

"Let me tell you the story," he said, "and perhaps you will learn something of life."

"I've heard the bare facts," I said. "But I'm willing to listen to variations on the theme. Especially if that blonde is draped around the story."

"Well," Daddy said, "it was on Okinawa, back in May. That lieutenant was a fighter pilot. One day while he was coming home alone with motor trouble, he was jumped by two Oscars, and in the ruckus that ensued he emerged badly damaged. Shot in a place or three, his ship knocked around, and things, as they say, bad all over."

Daddy inhaled some more of the expensive liquid through his straw.

"He got back as far as the northern end of the island, in the rough hill country, when his aerial steed could carry him no farther. Gallant head drooping in smoking defeat, that plane spiraled down, crashing with that brave airman inside, pinning him beneath the final wreckage."

"That was tough," I agreed, a tear forming in my eye. "Kind of reminds me of what happened to Gunner Maddy when he was dancing with that 300-pound Hawaiian girl in Waipahu and she slipped and fell on him."

"Please!"

Daddy held up a hand that in one motion restrained me gently and ordered two more shots. "Let us not mix low comedy with high drama. As I said, he was pinned in the wreckage, and it seemed to him he must surely die."

I glanced at the pilot. He was planting a kiss aft of the blonde's starboard ear. If he died, he certainly went to heaven.

"In his last moments," Daddy said, his voice husky with emotion, pent-up and bottled, "he decided to use his waning strength in writing a note to his wife, to let her know his last thoughts were of her. We found it clutched in his hand when our rescue party reached the wreck, and since it asked that the note be forwarded when found, we did so. I read the note before I sent it. This is what it said:

"My Darling . . . This is my final note. My plane has been shot down in wild country, and I am wounded and pinned beneath the wreckage. I have no hope of being found before I bleed to death or die of exposure. In these last minutes, I want you to know my dying thoughts are of you. I want you to know that no matter what I have done, I have always loved you. My eyes are beginning to blur. Goodbye, sweet. Your loving husband, Charles."

"Damn," I said, wiping my eyes. "That's a beautiful sentiment, Daddy. I guess when a woman gets a note like that she knows her man really loves her. And why shouldn't he, with such a lovely wife as he's got? If there's anything makes me choke up, it's true love between husband and wife."

"As a matter of fact," Daddy said, signalling for another round of chill-chaser, "that woman ain't his wife. You see, the note was forwarded, but the feller didn't die. He lived and went back home. Well, his wife got kind of curious about the note, and wanted to know what did he mean he had always loved her no matter what he had done? It was the 'no matter what he had done' that got her. She traced his past, found out he'd been messing with another woman, and divorced him."

"And that's the other woman," I said. "Well, can't say that I blame him too much. She's very lovely. And if there's anything that makes me choke up, it's true love that knows no obstacle."

"Well, as a matter of fact," Daddy said, "that's not the other woman either. She got so peeved that his last thoughts were for his wife instead of her, she threw him over. That gal with him now is some romantic female who read all about it in the newspapers and fell in love with him on account of it and his picture."

Daddy leaned close to me. "I happen to know," he said, "that this is their first date."

I looked over and saw the pilot and the blonde getting closer together than two sparrows in a snowbank. "You know, Daddy," I said, "I'm a rough man, but if there's anything makes me choke up, it's love at first sight."

SGT. HENRY G. FELSEN
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



A scene in the musical "Panama Hattie" as — local conditions permitting — it will look to the troops

SHOW SHOP

A visit with a USO-Camp Shows unit preparing to visit Marines overseas

TRICKED out with some pretty catchy music and some snappy dialogue, not to mention a lot of feminine charm, "Panama Hattie" makes a very entertaining musical comedy. It is a big item in the list of traveling units sent out by USO-Camp Shows, Inc., from that organization's New York workshop.

Panama Hattie, the principal character, is a girl with a heart of gold and teeth of the same color material. She's gaudy and loud, but there never was a truer, bluer, more loyal, patriotic woman. This is very fortunate, for a lesser person might have allowed the Panama Canal to be blown up, and then where would we be? For that matter, where would the Canal be?

We heard about Hattie from Pat Smith, a little Chicago girl who plays a 10-year-old child in the play. It seems Pat's father (in the play, of course) is simply nuts over Hattie. But Hattie runs some

kind of a saloon, and Pat considers her indelicate. All is forgiven, however, and Hattie is triumphant when she thwarts a plot to blow up the Canal.

The performers themselves come from many places — West Virginia, California, Texas, Massachusetts and places in between. But they all have Broadway in their blood, and in their wandering, rhythmical feet.

Some have been discharged recently from military service. At Panama Hattie rehearsals Nelson Welch, who plays a butler with a heavy British accent, wore the uniform he had worn as an Army corporal. Charles Berre had on civilian clothes, but since he had the role of a sailor, he was planning to wear his Navy uniform on the stage. He was on the Ommandy Bay when it was sunk by a Jap suicide plane off the Philippines.

What the girls wore may be seen in the photographs.

CORP. BILL FARRELL
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY LOUIS LOWERY
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Many ingredients go into the making of a theatrical production. Here Harry Krivit, producer, interviews five of the best. They got the job



When the cast has been assembled the hard work of rehearsing begins. Even while seated, dance director Meda Cordova has a long, tough job



Chorus girls for the shows must be graceful and experienced. They are paid \$70 a week on tour. But pay is lower during a month of rehearsal



Tina Mather, of Baltimore, is fitted for a costume. She has red hair, blue eyes and dimples. Tina is a veteran trouper, for all her youth



And this is blonde Jean Hoke, another youthful "veteran." Jean's home is in Washington, D. C., but her career has taken her far from there



John and Elizabeth Chadwick, ballroom dancers, pose in an unglamorous setting. She is trying on a USO uniform, just bought for use overseas



Grace Drysdale isn't nearly so upset about taking her inoculation as she pretends. She survived the Yankee Clipper crash at Lisbon in 1943



Planning her first appearances before Marine audiences, Miss Drysdale maps a trip for two other girls. She was 29 months in Europe with USO

LAST SHOT

Through the blur that was his .
brain burned the thought: "Maybe I hate
to die alone . . if I had a gun . ."

THE sun rested on the tops of the jungle trees and paused to slide into the depths of the Pacific. Overhead, hordes of parrots wended their erratic trail home from work, splitting the air with raucous screeching. The mountains leaned back on a bed of shadows to rest for the night and one or two taller peaks peered curiously down at Hill 202 in the vast clearing.

Actually, Hill 202 was more of a high knoll. It had been chosen as a defense position for C Company; a position of now shattered and caved-in shell holes and torn strips of earth strewn with metal, shell cases, lost weapons, helmets, bits of clothing, dead Japs and Marines.

The hill lay on the edge of a wide jungle clearing covered by high, thick grass except for pock-marks left by exploding shells, grenades and trampled spots where men had fought. It was quiet now, even with the screeching of the wildly flying parrots—a depressing sort of quiet that could be heard far away.

In a wide, flat, trampled area atop the hill lay Marc Kitteridge. His body was badly torn and his face was unrecognizable. But he still lived, even though he slipped into unconsciousness for increasingly long periods. To the Japs who slithered back and forth across the hill gathering up their wounded and weapons, posting sentries and setting up temporary defense positions, he was dead, so badly blown up that he was completely unworthy of an additional thrust from a bayonet.

Marc's whole body seemed to whirl. He spun slowly somewhere in space, detached from the rest of the world. There was no ground beneath him, no hard stalks of grass pressing into his lacerated face, no stones or empty shell cases to make him uncomfortable. He was above the world, floating in the red haze that lies there for just such a purpose.

Some great power within him made it possible to soar easily to any desired height, to descend at will or to hang suspended for any length of time. But somehow he had not yet mastered the force of the spin; the slow, powerful, even motion that kept him rotating, on and on and on . . .

His outstretched arm twitched as he began to descend to earth and moved slightly as his body touched the ground. It felt uncomfortable now that he was no longer in the air. He stirred and his brain slowly ceased its whirl, beginning to throb as it stopped. His body connected itself with his brain and flashed violent protests to it. The arm beneath him started its agonized complaint once more . . . his mind was awake but foggy.

"God . . damn." He tried to turn but could not. His head throbbed with such a powerful motion that it swayed his body from side to side as a reed in a stream of water. He almost floated away again, then settled gently back to earth.

"Christ, I can't even think. What am I doing. What's the matter . . ."

He struggled to clear his mind.

"Yes, I can think now . . a little . . just in a minute when my head slows down. If I had some water . . even hot water . . or if my arm didn't hurt. Oh God, that arm. Where is it? Where the hell is it? It doesn't move when I pull. Maybe it's off. I've got one arm . . I've got my right arm . . it moves . . I can move it all right."

He moved it slightly to assure himself he was right. His head cleared slowly and the pounding inside grew stronger. He was thick all over; dense and very heavy. Additional weight had been placed

on his body and he was unable to move beneath its force. Everything was slow and sluggish. Nothing moved unless he exerted a supreme effort.

It seemed ridiculous that he, Marc Kitteridge, lay helpless in the midst of the enemy, torn, crippled, only partially controlling his mind and thoughts, throbbing and aching all over, unable to know the parts of him that were cut and slashed and blown apart.

"It's a dream," he thought dazedly. "Some kind of a dream. I'm hit a little, just enough to hurt, maybe, but I'm dreaming this. I'll wake up in a minute at the sick bay with Doc and Charley and Rusty working on me. Wonder who else was hit. But hell, you can't feel the ground if you are dreaming."

by Lieut. John Abney



Something was sticking his feet; perhaps a thousand needles someone had left there, and rocks underneath tortured him. Something was hard and jolting so it must be rocks. He could feel them. He could feel the ground. It couldn't be a dream.

"I can move my right arm and I wouldn't do that if I were dreaming. Is it my right arm or my left? Right, left—it's my right. My eyes must be closed too."

He exerted the supreme effort and they fluttered, opening slowly and closing, then remained partially open. The red haze was all about him and the earth leaned at a crazy angle. Objects strayed off at a distance to escape his vision. The ground rippled and waved like the surface of a lake on a windy day. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them again.

"That's better. It's pretty good now, pretty good if I could stop that throbbing. Let's see . . get hold of myself . . get hold."

He directed his gaze over the wrecked area for a few moments and balanced himself mentally as best he could.

"Am I alone? Let's see. Mickey. Mickey was near me. No, he was on the other side. On the other side

when they were moving up the hill, and those God-damned grenades. That's what they were throwing. Jesus, those guys down the slope. I wonder where they are. Which way am I looking now, East? No, West. That's the sunset. That's West. I'm looking West. Mickey should be on the other side somewhere."

He tried to roll over but could not. For the first time he became aware that his breathing was coming in short, uneven gasps, accompanied by a bubbling, rasping sound. He tried to lift his head and see on the other side, but was unable to move.

Inside his throat a thick, partially congealed mass of blood made itself known. He jerked feebly in the motions of coughing but made no sound. He tried to clear his throat and spit, but could not. But he somehow did not seem to care and it surprised him mildly.

"Must be really hit. I guess this is it. The only thing bad is that throbbing. If it would stop for just a minute. I guess it will. It will stop and I'll stop with it. Nobody around now. I guess they all got away, or else they're dead. I must be dead too—dead because I can't move. That's why I can't roll over and turn my head. But I can still think and see, and feel that throb. If I wasn't dead I could turn my head. Can't even cough or spit."

"Maybe your mind doesn't stop for a while after you die. That must be it. Your body dies first and then your mind later, like a clock running down. Maybe that's the throbbing now—my mind running down. I'm dead but I can think for a little while longer. But my right hand. I can move that."

He pulled mightily and moved his hand a few inches.

"No, not dead yet. I can still move my hand. Could pick it up maybe, but what's the use? There is no reason to lie here proving to myself I'm still alive when I'm almost dead. I'm dead but not dead. Christ. I can't do this but once. That's a good thing. Die today. You can't die again tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll be dead and won't have to die again."

"Wish I could see if Mickey is over there. What was it the boy said to me yesterday? Yesterday or last week? Oh, yes; he said, 'Lieutenant, you always think it can't happen to you until you're hit. Then you know it has happened but it doesn't seem so bad.'"

"Guess he's right. He died the same as I am doing. The ones alive and unhurt are afraid of it. That's why it seems so bad. Only the ones who get killed don't mind. Maybe I would mind if it would do any good."

He noticed, for the first time, his pistol, lying a few inches from his hand. It was partially covered by a ragged piece of metal that had formed the side of an ammunition case. A thought entered his mind, but it was dulled and finally cast completely out by the hot, searing, throbbing wave that swept over his body and lifted him from the ground.

He floated easily upward, revolving slowly, and entered the red mist once more. The high pitched buzzing sound was still in his head somewhere but it did not bother him. He moved along at no special rate of speed, seesawing back and forth with first his head down, then his feet. The world was far to one side and he ignored it completely. It had nothing to do with him right now. He was floating . . drifting . . revolving . .

Something loud was sounding in the distance and gradually coming closer, pounding regularly and louder as it approached. Someone was beating a

drum; a huge deep drum that had almost reached him now. He stirred and opened his eyes to see who it was. It was that damned throbbing again. His body was swept to and fro by it. He squeezed his eyes shut briefly and opened them to look at the sky.

Was it morning? No. Night. He was on his blanket sleeping before another attack came. He must have been sleeping a long time. But the sky was too light. It must be early morning and he had slept all night.

Yes, it was much lighter now. He had slept on stones and perhaps a rifle, and was cramped all over. That was why he throbbed and ached all through his body.

Reality closed in and gently took him by the hand. He thought he moaned, but no sound came to his ears. It was hard to hold his eyes open. They wanted to close and stay shut and he wanted to sleep. But he held them open and looked at the sky.

The western part was slowly draining its silver tints into the black clouds that were creeping up from below. He looked more carefully. They were not clouds, but the mountains. They were black, silhouetted against the fading sky. From the corner of his eye he could see a timid star faintly sparkling where the silver had changed into deep blue.

"Star light, star bright," he began, then stopped. There was no use wishing for something if he was going to die. Wishing helped sometimes when you were alive. It made you realize you could still think, feel and want like a human being. But when you are about to die, what's the point?

"There is one wish. I wish I could kiss Lorrie again. Yes, Lorrie, just to see you once more would be enough. I wish I could walk with you down the street or sit with you in a cafe or hear you laugh or listen to music with you. What was it about your hair, eyes, voice? I can see them, hear you, if I close my eyes. But I float away when I close them. Yes, I want you with me when I die. I'll take part of you with me. It will stay with me.

"What did you say when I left? Oh yes, 'Come back to me, Kit.' Can't come back now, but the part I left with you will never leave. It is still there and always will be. Maybe I hate to die alone. Maybe I would even like to see a Jap so I wouldn't have to die alone. If I could see one, I might kill him if I had a gun. Yes, a gun."

He opened his eyes a little more and looked at his pistol lying just beyond his finger tips.

"If I can reach it, and if I can see a Jap."

He strained and put forth all his effort to reach the .45. His finger tips touched the butt, inched slowly across it and reached the other side. He rested for a moment, then dragged it back, painfully, slowly.

"That's better. That's better now."

The throbbing had escaped his notice and seemed no longer to exist. Outlines blurred slightly and he blinked his eyes to clear his vision.

"If I could only turn over. But I can see this side. That's the trail over there — the trail we came up. Was it a day or a week ago? Wonder why I don't remember anything of time?"

He tightened his throat and tried to swallow. The clotted blood tasted hot, raw and sweet. He swallowed more, painfully, and seemed to breathe better. His eyes closed briefly and he opened them as he began to spin.

The Jap's head and shoulders were clear as he

walked slowly up the trail. He held his long rifle in both hands; the bayonet was still fixed, but he saw only the trail ahead of him and seemed interested only in where he was walking. He walked cautiously, keeping his eyes on the ground.

Marc tried to turn the .45 to an upright position but could not. He could hold it sideways, flat to the ground, though. The Jap was on top of the hill, now walking toward where Marc lay. But he did not notice Marc.

"I can hold it like this. Just a few more steps. Five or six. God, if I can hang on. Don't get weak and drop it, or miss. I won't miss. I won't. You've got three steps more, you little bastard."

A cold breeze swept through the evening sky, parted the grass and whispered "Lorrie." He forgot about dying; there was no throbbing, no pain or dizzy, whirling feeling. He was on Hill 202, C Company's defense, back in the war and a Jap was 10 yards away.

Marc gripped the .45 tightly, and steadied his arm on the ground. He rallied the last that was in him. One more step. Now!

"Hey . . . son of a bitch!"

His voice was little more than a hoarse, croaking sound. The startled Jap paused and looked up as Marc fired.

END

"... The startled Jap paused and looked up as Marc fired"

KRAFT



"You and your secluded rendezvous"



"How long have you been taking atabrine, man?"

Leatherneck LAFFS

Sgt. Rhoads finds
bits of humor
in the Far East



"After reading your love letter, I don't think my girl friend loves me very much"



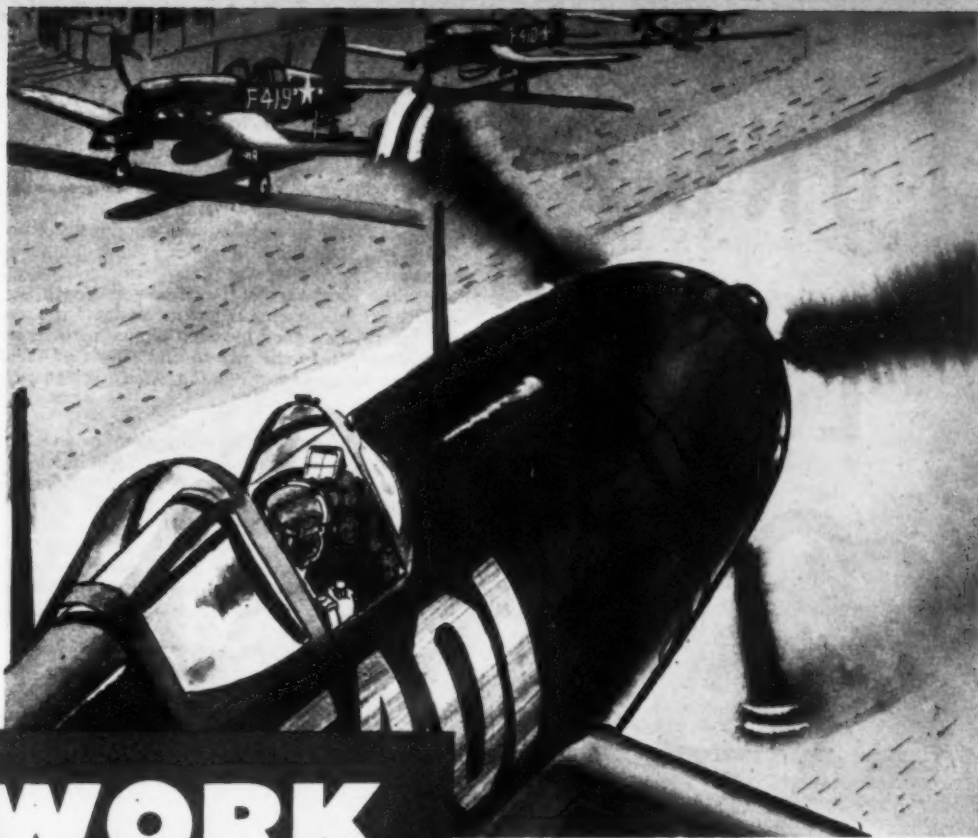
"I wish they'd learn more about military rank"

Lurking like hawks in the sky, they waited for their prey—the deadly Kamakazi boys

FIRST LIEUTENANT ED DAWSON leads his division to the take-off end of a narrow runway in the dull grey of a tropical dawn. Gusts of wind whip sand into their weathered faces as Dunn, Dawson's wingman, Peters, second section leader and Ramirez, tail-end Charlie, strain their eyes along the narrow, bumpy taxi-way after Dawson's dim wing lights and powerful engines have revved up, popping occasionally as the mags are checked.

Getting the go-ahead signal from the scaffolding, which serves as a rude tower, they wheel swiftly into position on the end of the runway, making last minute adjustments to shoulder straps and tabs, roaring down the coral strip one by one, like the movements of a great clock, and vanishing into the thin layer of clouds.

Winking exhausts slide gently into place, closing on each other at tremendous speeds. A quick rendez-



DAY'S WORK

Cleared by a go-ahead signal from the tower they pulled into position at the runway's end

vous may mean the difference between remaining alive to fight another day or getting shot down in the traffic pattern.

A few minutes later they pass back over the field, wing-tip to wing-tip in a concise pattern of red, green and amber lights, soon turning on course for their combat air patrol after checking in with the Fighter Director in charge of all incoming and outgoing aircraft.

Vectors were given and communications set up between the man on the ground who by means of a few instruments governs the life of scores of men in aircraft, ships and airbases and the Marine fighters in the sky. Unerringly, he leads them through dark cloud formations to their station and turns them over to a brother Director controlling that particular zone.

Code name of the brother Director is Danny Base. He's on a destroyer which is stationed as a radar picket to protect allied shipping, lying in quiet coves, from the Kamakazi boys. Danny Base stations them above the ship at an altitude that will allow them to remain in visual contact, yet give them space to dive on attackers.

Minute after boring minute ticks by as they orbit tirelessly above their station, constantly shifting their eyes above and below, to the fore and aft, never daring to relax for a second to enjoy the unsurpassable sight of a tropical sun breaking through tiers and rolls of cumulus clouds in a bedazzling array of colors and patterns.

The same clouds, so beautiful to watch, very likely and more than probably, disguise an enemy formation of suicide planes approaching the target, bent on a fanatical dive into Danny Base. One enemy dive-bomber successfully diving his load of explosive into the destroyer could accomplish the enemy's mission, killing many American men, sinking the only barrier between the enemy and exposed ships in the harbor and endangering an entire Allied campaign.

So, on and on, four pairs of eyes rove, searching and straining into the hazy distance. Every second, every foot of space counts, since the enemy uses no strategy or tactics but a swift, unswerving head-long dive, allowing no time to maneuver into position for a good gunnery run, or to waste ammunition to pick up correct lead.

They come from any and all directions when they come, so the boredom has to be fought, the monotony over-ridden and no space in the sky left unsearched. The action is fast when they do appear.

When they come, they come in low and they come in high; they come from any and everywhere—diving straight into the ship seeking what they believe to be a sure-fire entrance to heaven.

Minute after minute ticks on, orbit after orbit is completed. Mighty engines eating ravenously into a precious supply of fuel. Weariness from successive bombings last night and many nights before has to be over-willed. Searching above, below, fore, and aft. Sizing upon a moving object, leaping tenseness—a friendly torpedo bomber, searching on.

All of a sudden Danny Base crackles over the radio, "Bogey closing 30 miles to the North—vector three five-zero degrees, buster."

Dawson and the division swing rapidly on vector pouring precious juice into their powerful engines, picking up speed—every second counting. Pilots, weariness and boredom vanished, hunch forward, peering into the haze ahead. They must spot the bogey as soon as possible.

Danny Base comes crisply over the radio again, "Bogey, large, 20 miles northwest—vector three-four-zero degrees,"—the enemy is changing his course, giving the interceptors no time to get into an advantageous position. Sights and gun cameras are turned on. Hands grip the stick tighter, trigger fingers resting lightly on the red buttons which when pressed send sudden death into anything ahead of the gull-winged plane.

Danny Base, again: "Bogey, two-seven-zero degrees, 10 miles. Vector three-one-zero degrees!"

The fighter planes bank as one in a short arc to the port, straighten on vector, pick up more speed, seconds counting, the enemy closing rapidly.

"TALLYHO, six Zekes, 10 o'clock down, twenty-one dash four," Peters sings out.

The flight leader spots the enemy, peels off, Dunn and second section right after him. They close with the enemy head on—no time to get in position, no time to miss with their guns.

Dawson comes within range, opens fire. Tracers hit the Jap cowlings, move back to the cockpit. The Jap plane bursts into flame, the pilot clawing at his helmet.

Dawson passes on underneath, climbing swiftly up and back around for another run. Dunn is right

behind, sending tracers into the second plane—underleading, but hitting the Zeke in the tail, knocking its rudder off, sending it into a crazy spin toward the water below.

The second section leader, Peters and his wingman, Ramirez, swoop in, both pouring tracers into the third enemy plane. They dive underneath and back up as it explodes in their faces, pieces of aluminum flashing through their wing sections.

As a perfect team they come back, darting in and out, as a boxer would whittle his opponent down with short stabbing blows. The fourth and fifth Japanese planes fall in balls of orange fire to the waves below.

The sixth Zeke is in its dive by now, only a mile from the ship. Dawson dives sharply back in, squeezes the trigger. Nothing happens, he's out of ammunition. He flashes by underneath and back up again. Dunn on his tail, squeezing the red button. Only a few short rounds pump into the Zeke's cowlings. Out of ammo. He flashes by underneath and back up again.

The destroyer opens up with anti-aircraft fire. No quarter can be given. Destroyer to four planes—no comparison. Flak bursts between Dawson and the enemy fighter as he dives back in, shorter this time, trying to divert the suicide plane from its course. No thoughts of heroism, he passes in front of the Jap to make him swerve. Back and forth Dawson and Dunn dart through a mass of flak bursting about them.

Two hundred yards from the destroyer Dunn dives at the Jap, in the muzzles of belching ship's guns. He shoots past, clipping his wing, careening sharply to the right as his fighter receives the shock. A burst of anti-aircraft fire catches him in the tail, blowing half his rudder off.

The Jap plane swerves sharply to the left—his wingtip hitting the water, cartwheeling end over end, exploding 25 yards from the ship and sending a geyser of water over the destroyer, knocking four gunners off the fan-tail.

Navy guns stop firing as Dawson circles to the left gaining altitude. Other planes reported coming in. His division joins up, all but the wounded chick struggling along valiantly just off the water below.

Peters and Dunn go down to nurse him home.

Only two now, searching, straining, peering—above, below, fore, and aft—engines eating up what little gasoline is left—orbiting—fighting the sheer let-down and fatigue resulting from super-swift combat.

Lieut. Curtis L. Floyd

LONG LIVE LOVE

**Henceforth if any
army nurse takes
the pulse rate of
American manhood
we'll simply agree**

THE other day an Army nurse libeled the United States Marine by saying the American is a lousy lover. And since it is not a good thing to let this sort of talk get around, we decided to look into the matter. Frankly, we are sorry we did.

Love has always fascinated us, both as a subject for philosophical discourse and as an exercise. In its way, love is an art, like painting or banging ears.

One could have ignored this nurse, because she was referring to soldiers. But since women come equipped with free wheeling jaws and hips, she went on to say American love-making technique is disintegrating, and that she prefers the "gallant, glib and subtle" approach of the British or French.

With pride in one hand, and an affidavit of honorable intentions signed by our Colonel in the other, we ventured into the streets and offices of Washington in search of truth and in defense of American manhood.

That was a mistake.

We were first drawn to a luscious brunette who was surprised, to say the least, by our mission.

"If this is a line," she said, "congratulations!"

At this point we discarded the affidavit of honorable intentions.

"However, if it is not a line," she continued, "I must agree with the Army nurse. Men in uniform think they can read a woman like a book, by Braille.

"But what is she complaining about? Things are tough all over."

We retrieved the affidavit and fled.

Now what is the basis of this attitude?

It is admitted that global warfare has changed the concept of love, which is a universally popular pastime, as our globe-wandering Marines have discovered. But they also discovered that the doe-eyed daughters of Eve know the answers in Hindustani, Chinese, Tagalog and the refreshing English of New Zealand, where a boot-legger is known as a "sly grogger."

The Army nurse who started this complains that the GI overseas operates on a "catch as catch can" basis, and that the response of the candy and smoke-starved lasses of Europe has destroyed his sense of values.

"The love market in the United States certainly won't operate on this candy and commodity basis," she warned.

So throw away the Hershey bars, men, the price is nylons from here on out.

You should be warned, however, that the situation

Stateside has changed both drastically and legally. Any man who whistles, yoo hoos or otherwise tries to attract the attention of a woman he does not know will, in Brownsville, Pa., face a 30-day sentence. In this town, a very fine village to avoid it would seem, their anti-wolf ordinance followed the sentencing of a World War II veteran who whistled at, and followed unsuccessfully, a Brownsville booby trap, weight 112.

Competition from the civilians we left behind us is little to worry about, however, if the following romantic episode means much.

In Los Angeles, last week, a man with love in his eye invited the lady of his pursuit to his apartment. The invitation, or so she told the judge, was:

"Come up to my apartment and see the fine leatherwork in my saddles."

Note, however, that despite this bromidic variation of the etching theme the young lady in question DID go to his apartment.

Surely Marines can do better than that!

Returning to the caustic calumny of the Army nurse who started this, we find her thus describing an officers' party in London:

"By 10 PM every officer has made a pass at me, which, although flattering, is so lacking in subtlety, originality and deception that it is utterly repulsive.

"When their efforts go unrewarded," she continued, "the officers disappear to the more lucrative chocolate circuit and the nurses are left to walk home alone.

"On a single date a hot hand closes on yours, a husky voice grates in your ear and you are propositioned. All this without even awaiting an opportunity in keeping with the moods of such an operation.

"No wonder we prefer French or British Army personnel whose gallantry, subtlety, suavity and glib phrases not only establish the proper setting, but practically make results a foregone conclusion."

This gave us another tack on which to work, so the next beautiful item we inquisitively accosted was asked:

"How does the Marine you know establish the proper setting for romance?"

The response was startling.

"Look at me," she snorted. "I ain no Lana Turner. Even with nylons I would not be a Grable. But many a pass has been made in my direction, and not without reason.

"We were dancing. It had been a truly lovely

Men in uniform seem to think they can read women like a book — in Braille





May I ask you a very indiscreet question?

evening. He was very polite. He danced well. In those soft lights and to that soft music I, too, was growing soft.

"As we danced he whispered, 'May I ask a very indiscreet question?'"

"Being in that mood I slipped an arm around his neck, moved closer, and waited.

"I have known you but a few days, but I need you terribly."

"Now that was just what I had hoped he would say, and he did say it well. So we danced on and his strong arms draw me even closer. It was heavenly. Then he asks, 'Will you come to my apartment? And before I could say the yes I had been feeling for the last hour he continued, 'I want you to iron a shirt for me.'"

We were still blushing two blocks later.

One more whirl, we figured, would be enough.

The pert blonde stopped typing just long enough to find a letter. It was datelined Camp Pendleton. Part of it read:

"Sweetheart, I love you so very very much, and Darling, I miss you so terribly terribly much. Honey, I want to see you so very very much it seems I won't be able to stand it any longer. Darling I love you with all my heart."

Terribly, terribly, terribly ashamed by this Marine-perpetrated twaddle, we retreated very, very, very hastily, not wanting to hear any, any, any more.

While thinking this over, our heads were down, but not in shame, because passing by under a blue skirt flashed as gorgeous a pair of gams as we had seen all day.

Here, we thought was undoubtedly the answer to the problem. Why? Well, you can't buy nylons, and these were nylons.

As the lovely limbs stopped in front of a swank dress shop we raised our head and swallowed hard, for the blue skirt led up to the uniform of the United States Navy, Women's Reserve. We saluted. She was a two-striper. But we presented our affidavit respectfully and gave with the patter.

Under Rocks and Shoals, the articles for the government of the United States Navy, we faced dire punishment, were she not strictly a good egg.

But she smiled and said, "I am about to buy civilian clothes to match the nylons, and both are the result of a line that is both novel and wonderful. I love the man dearly."

"What was the line?" we asked, hopefully.

"He took me in his arms and said, 'Darling, if you will marry me I will enlist in the Navy and free a Wave.'"

"How could I resist?"

On that discouraging note we ended the search for truth and the defense of American manhood.

As we ambled by the towering Washington monument we reflected that the Wave had the answer to the problem.

Let the Army nurse have the velvet touch and the "Je t'aime, chérie" of France, or the Yorkshire pudding passion of Britain. The American girl wants a steak-and-potatoes guy and the studied subtlety of a wedding ring.

We have great respect for Miss America, who takes a fellow for better or worse, then raises him the way she wants him.

PFC LEONARD RIBLETT
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE MAN IN TWO PLACES

Caligula had to play a dual role but he collected on his odd bet

THE question came up while Joe Medder was sitting talking to Dean Gazer, the Broadway columnist, Harry Brown, the sports writer, and Bill Caligula. Caligula was nothing but a millionaire till he joined the Marines, but now, of course, he is a corporal. Joe is quite an interesting character — an old vaudeville man who went up when the show business went down. He makes a lot of dough scaring people in those radio commercials, asking them what good can they be without Vitamin E, and reminding them how cold it was last winter so they'll go out and buy a fur coat for next winter.

Well Joe, who is an accomplished check-dodger and free-loader, is complaining that there were two free parties that afternoon, and he could only be at one of them.

"I sure wished I could of been in two places at once," Joe says.

"Why, couldn't you?" asks Caligula.

"Of course not," says Joe.

"Did you ever try?" says Caligula.

Joe just looks at him, not saying anything, but Gazer, the columnist, laughs and says he often wishes he could be in two places at once.

"I'd be down in Florida spending dough, and up here working, and making it as fast as I spent it," he says.

"That would be interesting," says Brown, the sports writer. "You'd have to keep in touch with yourself by mail. You could call yourself up once in a while, and you'd get so you could recognize your own voice on the phone."

Joe looked at Caligula, who had a dreamy smile on his face.

"And you could be here, pitching liberty, and out in the Pacific sweating it out, all at the same time," says Joe to Corporal Caligula.

"Oh," Caligula says, "that is what I did all the time I was on Bougainville. I can be in two places at once."

"Wanna bet?" says Joe.

"Why would I wanna bet?" says Caligula. "You haven't got anything I'd want to win from you, and besides, it's a sure thing. I know what I can do."

Then he got a funny smile, and he says:

"But I'll do this. I'll pay the check for the four of us tonight, if I don't prove I can do it. And you pay the check if I do do it."

Now, this was not much of a proposition for Joe, who had no intention of paying any part of the check. But Gazer and Brown jumped in on the thing, and Joe couldn't get away. What could Gazer or Brown lose? What could Joe win? But anyhow, it was a very intellectual problem, and these guys were very intellectual people.

So am I, for that matter.

So I accompany them to a hotel nearby, and they lock Caligula up in a room, after making sure he hasn't got any way of getting out — the door is locked on the outside. Then the rest of us go back to the club.

And we're just about there when Caligula walks in.

"Hey," says Joe, "you're supposed to stay in the hotel." He'd been figuring on running up a

fine big check, while Caligula snoozed at the hotel, I guess.

"Why," says Caligula, "I'm still at the hotel. But I'm here too. That was the bet, wasn't it? Come on, let's all have a little drink on Joe."

Well, of course, Joe knew perfectly well Caligula couldn't be any place else, because here he was at the Club Salaam. He knew he couldn't lose the bet, and yet his face looked kind of funny and he seemed to be staring at the Marine emblem on Caligula's coat. Gazer and Brown were getting a free ride anyhow, and Caligula never seems to get enough, so the waiter was kept on the run, and the four of them had a wonderful time — except Joe, maybe.

Joe looks at Caligula, after awhile, and he says: "Hey, how come you ain't falling asleep tonight, like you always do?"

Caligula seems surprised, and he says:

"Why, I'm getting a good sleep right now, in a comfortable bed over at the hotel. Why should I sleep here too?"

So Joe blows up, and he says now that's done it. He ain't gonna take another drop till it's all settled whether Caligula is here, or there, or both places. I give the waiter the wink to get the bill added up, and it's \$83 — there was a war on, you know. When Joe hears the amount he shuts his eyes for a second, and when he opens them Caligula is gone. Joe gasps, and leads the rush for the hotel, to get Caligula.

Well, I got a scientific mind too, and then there's that \$83, so I go along.

We get up to the door of Caligula's room, and there it is, locked like it was before. Joe has left a wad of gum as a seal, and that's in place, too. So we bust in, and there in the bed, sleeping like a baby, is Caligula.

Joe lets out a yelp.

"This is a fake," he hollers. "You ain't been here all the time, you were over there with us slugging rum. You musta bribed a bellhop to let you out and in again. That chewing gum must have been doctored too."

Caligula wakes up. Then Joe turns to the rest of us to settle the bet for him — which we did, in favor of Caligula. Joe had to pay the check.

Caligula supplied the evidence. He says: "Is it your contention, gentlemen, that I have spent the evening drinking intoxicating liquor?"

"Yeah," says Joe, sarcastically.

"Will you be good enough to smell my breath?" says Caligula.

Well we all did, and it was as pure as a mountain breeze. No rum, no champagne. No vodka, although that's what the four of them had been drinking. But there was no liquor on Caligula's breath, so he must have been here in the room, right? And we'd seen him at the club. And one and one is two, right? So Caligula must have been in two places.

And do you know, it wasn't till the next day that I figured it out. Caligula must have based the whole thing on the idea that you can always phone for a bellhop, but one drunk can't smell the liquor on another drunk's breath.

The Marines have done something for that guy.

CORP. BILL FARMER

WE-the Marines

Edited by Capt. Bill Harris



Members of the 27th Regiment, Fifth Marine Division stand to colors at Kurume, Japan.

Russian Souvenirs

Ploughing through heaps of Japanese equipment at an air station in Omura, Japan, Marines of the Fifth Division halted suddenly when they came upon mementoes of another day, another war. In the foreground they had discovered Jap bombsights, aerial cameras, naval signal flags, and a broad variety of other modern military gear. To the rear of the shed, however, they found dusty piles of old rifles, with bayonets still fixed. On some of the bolt-action pieces the trademark "Peabody & Martin, Providence, R. I.," could be seen.

The Marines stacked these weapons more respectfully. They were relics of the Russians' war against Japan, fought 40 years ago.

Shave and a Haircut

There has been a lot said about the speed of Seabees at work. Now let's take the case of the Marine barbers in Haiki, Japan.

An hour after the occupation forces landed in Haiki, Private Ike P. Vernon of **Perryton, Tex.**, and two of his fellow barbers were hard at work with scissors and clippers.

The following day one of the three cut hair while the other two worked at putting a wooden floor in an old shack which was to become the barber shop.

Forty-eight hours after landing the Marines had a barbershop — complete with pin-up pictures, newspapers, magazines — and two barber chairs they had dug up somewhere.

If You Please

Time was when the hint of a Jap surrender story would have had Marine Corps correspondents racing to the scene. Times have changed now. So have the Japs. So have the correspondents. A page from the notebook of a correspondent on Okinawa contains these entries:

"Saturday:

"1. Regimental Review — presentation of decorations and commendations. (MUST)

"2. Approximately 200 Jap soldiers to surrender at 1100. (Optional)."

Enough Said

First Lieutenant Norbert V. Woods, of **Schenectady, N. Y.**, approached an armament factory in Sasebo.

A Jap sentry saluted smartly and said:

"You have a pass?"

"No, I don't have a pass," the lieutenant answered.

"Sorry. No pass, no enter."

"Well," said Lieut. Woods, "I don't have a pass. But I do have a company of Marines."

He entered.

What, No Blues?

Chinese residents of Peking and Tientsin were a little surprised, at first, by the garb of First Division Marines. These dungarees and khakis were not the sort of thing the old China Marines used to wear, only a few years ago. The people of China remember pleasantly the Marine band and the snappy parades of those days.

And now the fighting Marines had come to town, in the serviceable but unhandsome clothes of war. Where were those dress blues? It might have seemed that the Marines would lose face, in their contrast to the colorfully appareled military and civil Chinese functionaries. They paled beside the green-clad postal workers, the black-and-gold attired police, the brown-and-gold clad messengers and train guards, the Chinese Army men with their mustard colored trousers and gleaming tan boots.

But for all their drab haberdashery, the Marines were far from being unnoticed.

Each enlisted man was busy constantly, returning the salutes his colorless American uniform won for him — Chinese soldiers, policemen, and even civilians picked him out for the friendly, cheerful greeting of an ally.

With this agreeable situation, the Japs of the vicinity found themselves clearly out in the cold. The Chinese saw no reason to make friends with them, and, as a Marine said:

"There's no reason why I should fraternize with the Japs, with all these friendly Chinese here — they're real people."

Deep Six

Good naturedly, Marines went about in Peking, giving the "thumbs up" sign to bearded, elderly scholars; gowned merchants, and westernized youths — anybody at all. It was surprising how the Chinese beamed as they returned the salute, which they seemed to understand readily. It needn't have surprised anybody, though. The Chinese have long turned thumbs up, and to them the gesture means "things are going well," and "how do, my Number 1 Friend?"

According to the popular song, "if it ain't this, it's that." But sometimes it doesn't seem to be either, and in that case, naturally, it's a gizmo. This useful word, however, is not understood by the Chinese, who have another word with the same broad meaning: doong she. This means, literally, east-west, but may be applied to practically anything — including the gizmo who can't think of the right word for the thing he's trying to describe.

Marines arriving in Tientsin found big stocks of silk stockings which they could buy for about half a dollar a pair. These were the stockings women at home had been getting along without, because of the war and export complications.

Sometimes a perfectly friendly, innocent person will ask a question so fundamental it just leaves you speechless.

Some Chinese were watching Marines punting footballs around. Apparently they were not familiar with footballs, for in a little while a Chinese asked, gently:

"Have you thought of making the football round, so it won't bounce about so oddly?"

Even with a war on, the Japs found time to make foul imitations of foreign goods. They carefully counterfeited labels and bottle styles of well known brands of good liquor. Then they filled the bottles with brown alcoholic liquids which, as beverages, would have made passable cleaning fluids — for anyone who wanted to clean a Japanese wrestler's girdle.

For days, as they prepared their own C rations, Marines in Haiki, Japan, looked forward to the opening of a new mess hall which was under construction. On the eleventh day they had their first meal in the new hall. Yes sir, nourishing warm C rations.

New Recruit Rifle Record

A new record for recruits firing with the M-1 was established recently at Camp C. B. Matthews, in California, by Private Louis Kirk Relyea of Dallas, Tex. Relyea squeezed off a score of 333, only four points below the all-Marine top score of 337 out of 340. (See PFC Rodney Voigt's Story, "Background to Beat the Banzai," in this issue.)

Relyea never owned a rifle of his own — his parents frowned on firearms — and he had to join rifle teams at



PRIVATE LOUIS KIRK RELYEA

North Texas Agricultural College and Southern Methodist University to get the use of their weapons. Finally his parents allowed him to buy an old 410 shotgun. When he had got this repaired, he found he could obtain no ammunition for it. The shotgun hangs on a wall of his room at home — strictly ornamental.

Top of the Milk

This incident occurred at the Marine Corps Air Station in Quantico. Corporal Theodore K. Thomas and two privates, new arrivals at the station, approached the Sergeant Major's office. They needed his signature on a requisition for a clothing issue.

The trio entered the office as quietly as possible. The "Top" turned a flintlike face toward them.

"Well?" he snapped.

The three men vibrated and the corporal explained their business.

"Clothing issue's tomorrow. Shove off!" roared the sergeant major.

The trio beat a hasty retreat, forgetting their clothing slips.

The corporal re-entered the office to get the slips and saw the sergeant major busy at a huge drawer in his desk. Thomas came closer and looked into the drawer. Inside were four tiny kittens, noisily drinking a saucer of fresh milk set down for them by the rough hands of their benefactor.

Glamor Post

The Ippotei Cafe was one of the few buildings in Fukuoka, Japan, deemed suitable for housing Fifth Division headquarters and its personnel. The Ippotei Cafe was reported to have been one of the finest geisha houses in all Japan.

So Marines, who just a few months before had slept in the lava dust on Iwo Jima, spread their bedding in surroundings which would have done credit to a Hollywood production.

The silk-clad attendants were gone. Armed and helmeted sentries replaced them. The only music was the jangling of telephones or the roar of heavy trucks rumbling by. The atmosphere, so recently fragrant with perfume, powder and incense, took on the aroma of American cigarets.

Souvenir collectors investigated the maze of rooms in the series of interconnected buildings. Evidence of the recent presence of geisha girls was everywhere — dainty fans, face masks, dancing hats and silken powder bags.

All the rooms were paneled, many opening upon small gardens where goldfish swam lazily in tiny pools. Some rooms were furnished in bamboo motif, shafts from young plants forming curtains, sliding doors and even windows. Others had flower and leaf designs burned through thin panels, or carved upon highly polished wood.

But with all the glamor and goldfish, the place wasn't the same, when the Marines arrived. The main ingredient was gone. There wasn't a geisha girl in sight.

TURN PAGE



WE THE MARINES (continued)

Bouncing Boy

When you remember that there used to be a goldfish-swallowing champion, and think for a moment about the people who claim the food-consuming champion-ship, there is nothing too unusual about the champion we are about to describe. Still, his story illustrates the fact that you don't know what you can do until you do it.

For months, PFC Nicholas J. Classen of Charleston, Ark., had been skipping rope, the way prizefighters do. He wasn't trying to snow anybody. He just wanted to get a little exercise. But one day he saw a newspaper. It wasn't a very new newspaper. It had come off the presses a year earlier, but it contained a cartoon by Robert Ripley. The "Believe It or Not," which astounded Classen, was one describing a man from Miami, Fla., as the world's rope-skipping champ. It said this man had skipped 8630 times in a hour. Classen looked upon this as a challenge.

Fellow members of his Second Division outfit helped Classen arrange things. He had a rather flexible wooden platform and a battery of timers. Off he went. He skipped for a solid hour at a rate of better than two skips a second. His friends counted the skips and the seconds. The count was as careful as could be. The result: 9080 skips in an hour.

Attention, Mr. Ripley.

My Son, My Son

PFC John R. Messenger, of Burwell, Neb., was just three points shy of the required number when a "going home" roster recently was drawn up in Okinawa.

Messenger argued with the first sergeant. No dice! The next day he was back, waving a piece of paper and yelling:

"Put me down for 12 more points. I'm a father."

The Top was unimpressed. "If the baby wasn't born before September 1," he said, "it doesn't count. As far as points are concerned, I mean."

With shaking fingers, Messenger opened the letter from home. He smiled happily and handed the letter to the Top. The baby, a boy, had been born on August 28, just three days before the deadline.

The Top gave one of those very infrequent smiles and added Messenger's name to the list.

Who's On Third?

A softball game on Guam was about to begin when the captain of the Weapons Company team, 29th Marines, stepped to the pitcher's mound and faced the spectators.

"We can't start the game," he announced, "until we find a substitute third baseman. Will anybody volunteer?"

Out from the crowd stepped Colonel William J. Whaling, of Washington, D. C., regimental com-

mander. A glove was tossed to him. He caught a few practice grounders, pegged a couple to first base and went on to finish the game in the "hot spot" position.

Baseball is the colonel's favorite sport. He formerly played with the St. Louis Browns.

Prisoners' Bass

There have been many strange requests from beleaguered men in this war. One of the oddest came from a Japanese prison camp near Mukden, China. It was: "One set of bass fiddle strings."

The story of a prison camp orchestra and its need for a bass fiddle first came to light last August while a tense little group of OSS officers huddled around a radio receiver in Hsian, China. They were waiting for the first word from six American parachutists who had dropped on the outskirts of Mukden two days before to recover Allied prisoners. The "chutists" had jumped 45 minutes before the Japanese forces in Mukden had received the Imperial "cease fire" order.

The mission had missed four contact schedules and the tension was growing. At last came the high-pitched sound of the first message:

"Need soonest sulfapyridine, sulfadiazine, penicillin."

A long list of medical supplies and basic needs came over the wire. There was a noticeable pause in the rhythm of the key, then it picked up again:

"Also send soonest one set of bass fiddle strings."

Major Robert Lamar of Kansas City, Mo., OSS medical officer and one of the six who jumped, told about it later.

"When we finally got all the prisoners together in the prison yard and told them that the war was over," Major Lamar said, "there wasn't a sound. They just looked at each other and back at us. Then somebody in the rear shouted, 'Who won the World Series in '43?' That broke the ice and the mission immediately got busy determining the most essential items for relief of the camp."

With help of the American prisoners they compiled a long list of food, clothes and medicines to radio to Hsian.

"Anything else you need badly?" the major asked.

There was a long silence.

"Major," a thin chap near the window said, then stopped, embarrassed.

"Sure, what is it?" the major encouraged.

"Major, how about a set of bass fiddle strings?"

That was how the mission found out about the POW camp band. It had started back in 1942 with one trumpet bought from a guard. Several more trumpets were added, as well as a couple of violins and a guitar. Instead of squelching this musical outburst, the Japs allowed the prisoners to give a concert whenever there was a half-holiday at the factories.

But there were too many trumpets and fiddles. They needed a bass fiddle. Piece by piece they acquired scraps of plywood smuggled in by the guards. They stole tools from the factories. The fiddle was a community project put together by Captain G. L. Grew, of Los Angeles.



Lest We Remember

We know a fellow who came back from a long tour in India and was amazed to find that he had sent home a silver-mounted elephant's foot as a souvenir. He had forgotten it and the enthusiasm with which he had mailed it home. Quickly he got rid of it by giving it to somebody who never had been to India. Then there was the fellow our own Sgt. Bob Donovan saw coming in from the front lines, pushing a baby carriage filled with souvenirs.

How many Marines have faithfully carried Jap rifles, sabers, and false teeth half across the earth? Do they still think it was all worthwhile? If they do, they differ strongly from Warrant Officer Cecil L. Wood, of Trommald, Minn. Completely devoid of souvenirs, he came back from Japan with the declaration:

"I don't want anything to remind me of the Japs, after three and a half years in their prison camps."



Corporal Kay Martin of Anacortes, Wash., smiles as she leaves Hawaii for the States

No Tea for Two

The Marine sergeant was certain that the Japanese Army colonel had invited him to tea. The interpreter was certain, too. The dishes, attractive and hand-painted, were brought in. They were set on a small table. The colonel and the sergeant sat down. Nothing happened.

Time passed. The sergeant smiled several times. The colonel smiled back. More time passed. The sergeant wished the interpreter hadn't left. After 20 minutes of gradually-fading smiles and wearisome short bows, the interpreter returned.

He found that the colonel hadn't extended a tea invitation after all. He wanted to give the dishes to the sergeant as a present. With a reddening face, the sergeant picked up his little dishes and left.

The colonel was very happy. He told the interpreter that the American showed great politeness in spending that much time in accepting the gifts.

Konnichi-Wa, Joe

It took Jap militarists three years to convince the people in Sasebo, Japan, that Americans, in general, and Marines, in particular, were murderers, thieves and what have you. It took the Marines just two days to change this.

When Marine occupation forces landed in that city, few Japs were in sight. These quickly disappeared when they saw the Marines. But by afternoon a few adventurous youngsters fared out and were greeted with chewing gum, candy and fruit bars.

The next day some adults ventured forth and, discovering that they were not to be assaulted, bowed and greeted the Marines with "Konnichi-wa." This caused the Marines to break out Japanese phrase books and soon they were returning the greeting of "Konnichi-wa," which means "Good day."

Word quickly spread to Japs hiding in the hills that the Americans were not so bloodthirsty as they had been led to believe. By morning of the third day the roads to the city were congested with returning Japs.

Incidentally, crime in Sasebo took a distinct downward trend after the Marine occupation. Police reports included such items as the rescue of a drowning child by a Marine, and the arrest of four Japanese civilians for gambling. The most sensational crime: A jilted Jap, armed with a knife, chased his sweetheart down one of Sasebo's streets.

Take it Off

PFC Hugh McCaffrey, Jr., of Washington, D. C., did a strip tease on his front porch not so long ago. And though there was a crowd urging him on, it was composed of the neighbors and not cash customers.

It seems that McCaffrey started out for the Navy Department to report for guard duty, and as he was walking along he met a cat. A very cute cat — black with white striping and a large, furry tail.

McCaffrey, great lover of animals that he is, called, "Here, kitty, kitty. Nice kitty."

The "kitty," which until this time had always regarded itself as an honest skunk, resented this and immediately showed his displeasure in the manner traditional to skunks.

McCaffrey returned home, found himself banned until he had shed his disagreeable clothes, neighbors prevailing upon him to "make like Gypsy Rose Lee in a rush." Hence the strip tease. After it was all over, McCaffrey sighed:

"The dry cleaners won't take my uniform. I wonder what will happen when I tell this to the Marines."

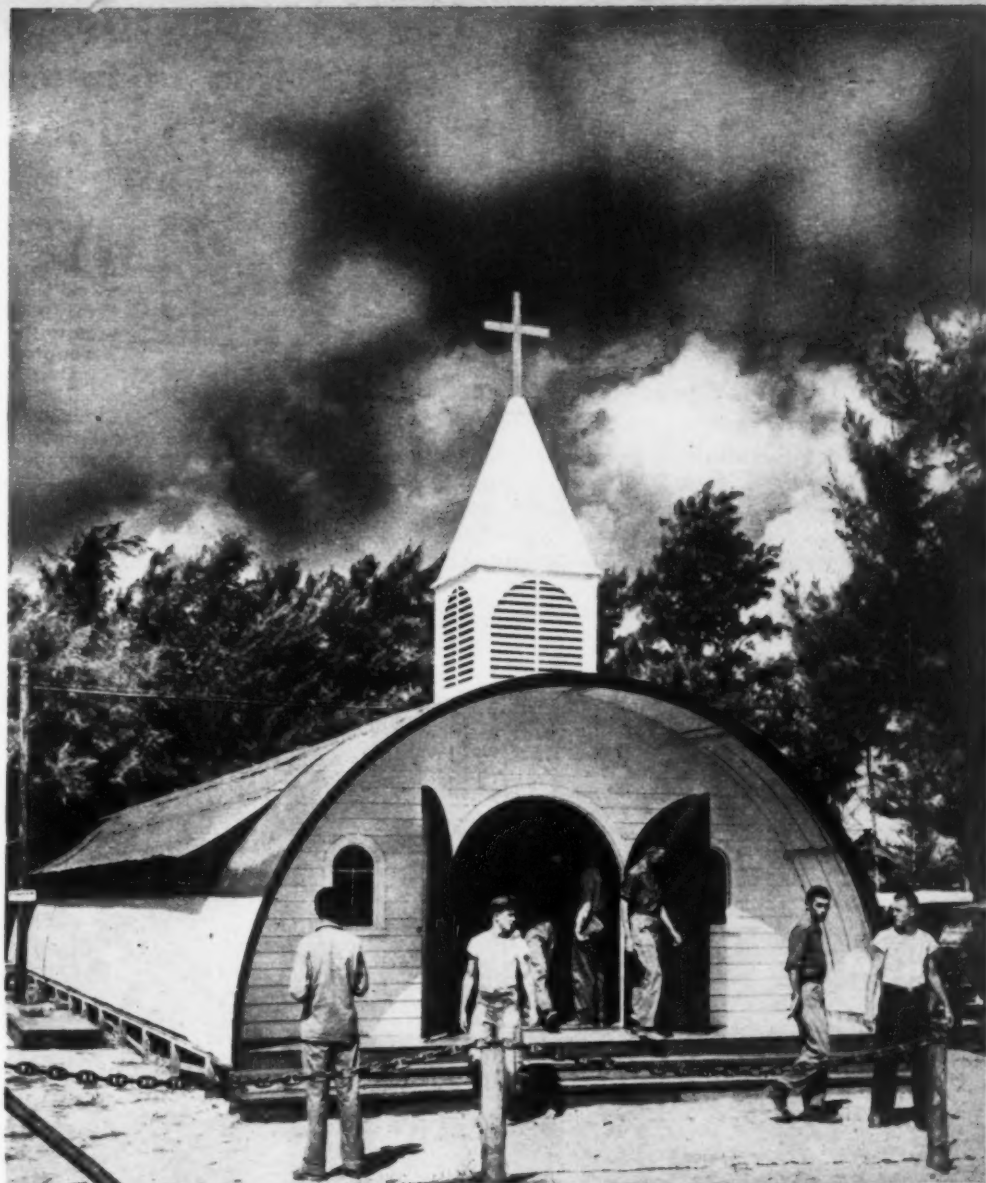
Circulating Library

It took a Marine to take the term "Circulating Library" literally. Ordinarily the expression refers to a motionless library whose books circulate. But in the case of Quartermaster Sergeant A. L. Snyder's "Dauntless Library," the whole library — books, bookcase and librarian — has circulated over a goodly part of the Pacific Ocean.

It started on Saipan. Finding the literary facilities there unsatisfactory, Snyder sent home some money and got a relative to send him a couple of books. These he passed around to buddies. One gave him a quarter to help pay for them. That gave birth to the idea.

Snyder bought more books and rented them out at three cents a day. Readers beat a path to his door — or whatever happened to be serving as his door. One grateful literate gave him a handsome, waterproof metal case in which to keep his stock. Gradually the stock grew and Snyder was able to get rid of some books to make room for more popular ones. Through his process of acquisition and disposition he kept his supply at 75 books — enough to keep up profitable operation, but not enough to interfere with his ordinary duties in QM.

As a result of his experience of nearly two years' catering to the Marines' literary demands, Snyder has gained some insight into their tastes. He says they prefer "Tragic Ground" or "Forever Amber" to "Pollyanna."



Seabees on Okinawa wanted a church. Characteristically, they turned to and, from materials at hand, produced one. The pictures show how their remodeled Quonset hut looked afterward



Luxury, comfort and fast trips at low fares feature the flying Leviathans of tomorrow's airways

by PFC Leonard Riblett

Leatherneck Staff Writer

YOU are tired of lolling around in the deeply upholstered seats and have lost interest in the scenery. After admiring the stateroom's fine wood paneling, fiddling with adjustable polaroid windows, which reduce the sun's glare, and wondering where they bought those rich carpets, you feel the need of a drink. Up you go to the top deck where mirror-lined walls reflect lovely ladies. You drop into a leather easy chair, and order a White Horse and soda.

Over the drink you wonder what happened to those bucking bucket seats, which induced creeping paralysis after the first five minutes on the long run from Guam to Oahu. For this is the lush comfort of a sky liner, the post-war passenger plane of a type now going into operation all over the United States.

Accommodations and conveniences never before attempted in

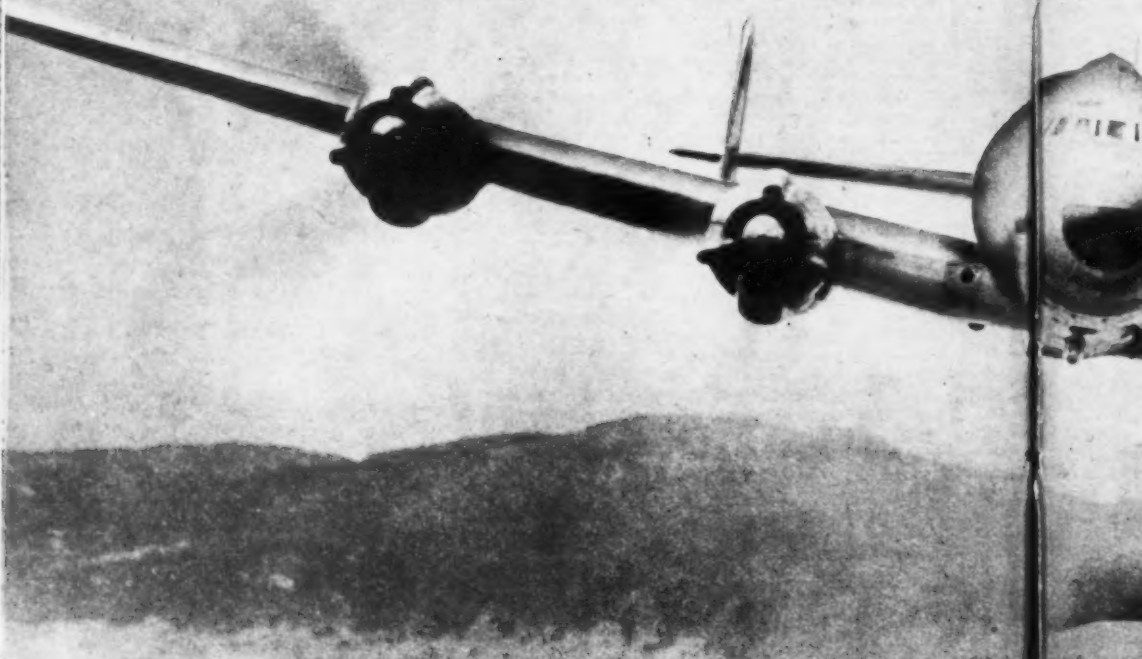


One of the first of tomorrow's luxury planes is the 108-passenger Douglas DC-7, world's largest land plane. The Army is using it now

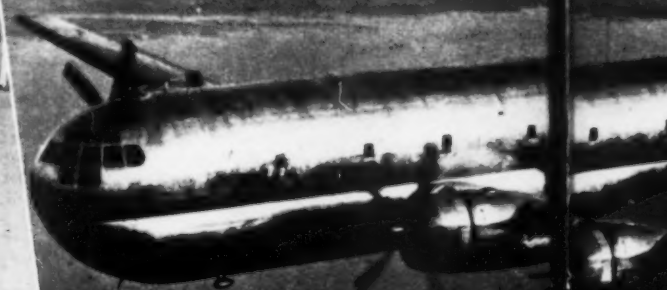


A sketch of a rest room in Consolidated's forthcoming 204-passenger Clipper ship

The Shape of P



The stewardess in Boeing's Stratocruiser controls the interior lighting and inter-plane phone system from this panel in her topside deck station



Boeing's C-97, counterpart of the B-29 for wingspread of 141 feet. It has a cocktail

luxury-like lounge,

commercial air transportation are planned by all major lines. Flying leviathans, with spacious pressurized cabins, will have enormous capacity and high speeds, factors which should mean unprecedented low fares not possible in smaller transports.

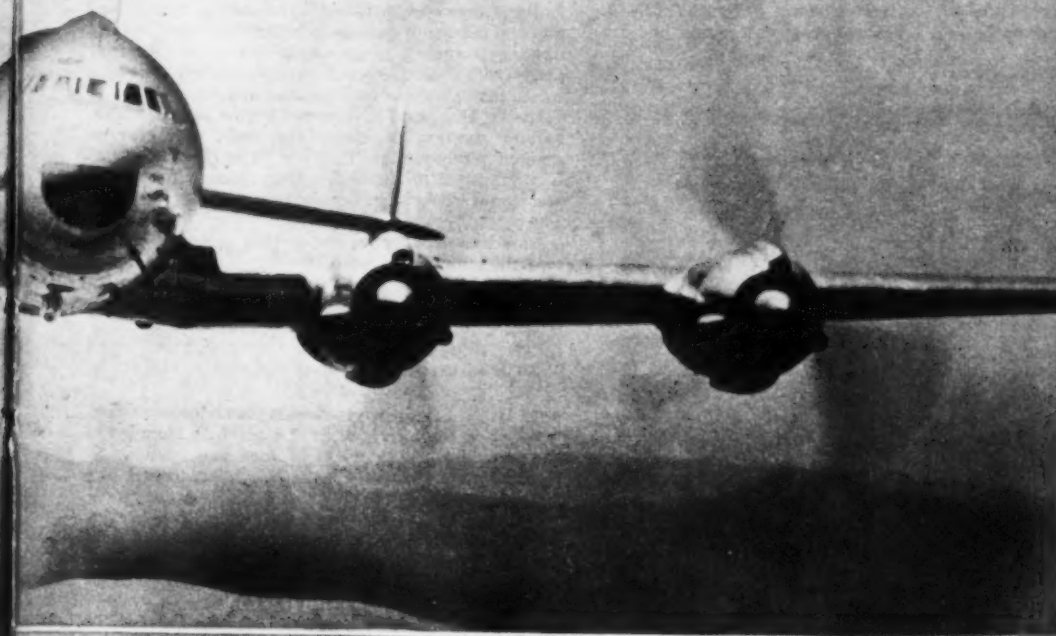
The first of these luxury liners, Lockheed's Constellation, Boeing's Stratocruiser and the Douglas Skymaster, already are winging across continents and oceans in record time. The Constellation, easily identifiable by its shark shape and three tail fins, is in the air for Transcontinental & Western Air. Its maximum capacity is 64 passengers. A more deluxe version of it will accommodate just 48 passengers, who, however, would have use of a bar lounge in the forward section of the cabin.

For night flights the Constellation has berth space for 24 passengers. This plane is big. It has a 123-foot wing span and an overall length of 95 feet. But soon it will be dwarfed by Lockheed's double-decker L-89, called the Constitution, which will carry 128 passengers and a crew of 11.

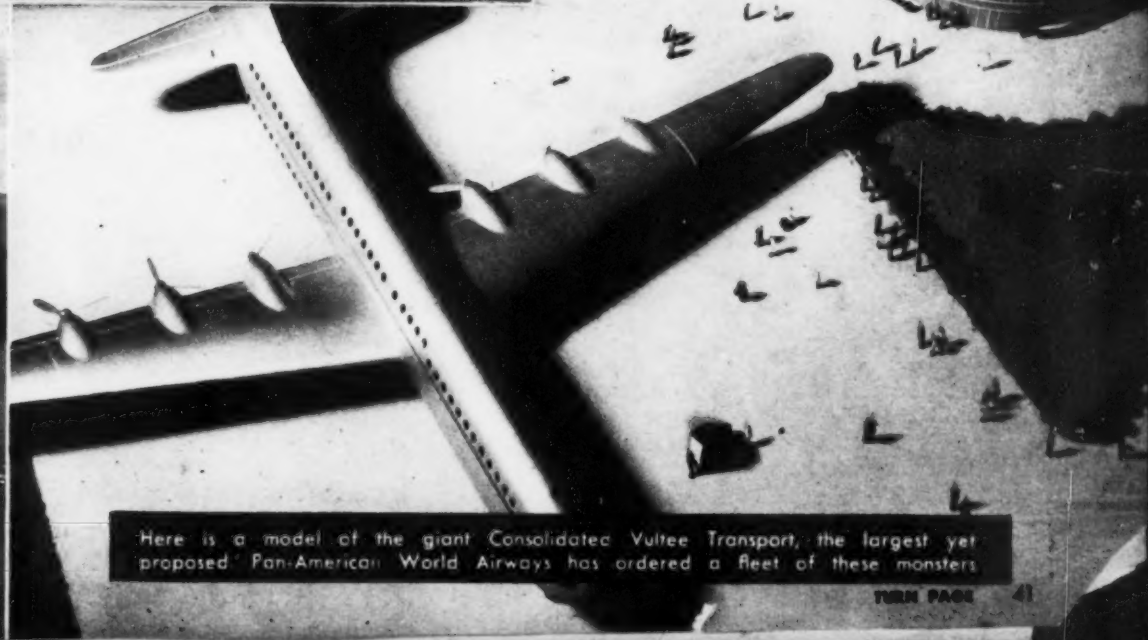
The Constitution will have nine staterooms, each containing two berths, 12 additional berths, 89 reclining chairs, several rest rooms and a cook's galley. Several major



Planes to Come



These are not bucket seats. This section of the Stratocruiser seats 59—in comfort



luxury-line business, has two decks and a lounge, which should interest most Marines

Here is a model of the giant Consolidated Vultee Transport, the largest yet proposed. Pan-American World Airways has ordered a fleet of these monsters

PLANES (continued)

lines have an eye on it for the Latin American service.

The third projected step in plane development of the immediate future is represented by the mammoth six-engined Consolidated-Vultee CV-37, which will carry 204 passengers on wings as long as a 21-story building is high. In addition to the passenger load it will handle 14,000 pounds of mail, baggage and express, and will travel at 340 miles per hour, with an estimated range of 3100 miles. La Guardia Field to Croydon, for instance, will be but a nine-hour jaunt.

Pan American World Airways has ordered a fleet of CV-37s to handle 750,000 passengers a year in trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific service. This clipper would have a 3100-mile range with a 50,000-pound payload. Six engines would be mounted on the trailing edge of the wing turning pusher-type propellers. Wing to wing, two Liberators still would lack by ten feet the 230-foot span of the big land clipper.

A test model of Douglas Globemaster is now in the air, although not yet purchased by any air lines. This 77-ton giant, known commercially as the DC-7, is the world's largest land plane. It can circle the world in three hops.

Donald Douglas has something newer up his sleeve. It is a radical departure from tradition. This is the DC-8, or Skybus. It will be actuated by twin counter-rotating propeller screws set up astern of the fuselage, exactly as an ocean liner is driven. Improvements in speed, safety, climb and efficiency are claimed for this dream job. The remote location of motors will reduce cabin noise, and since there will be no motors or nacelles on the wings, window vision will be greatly increased.

The change in passenger planes will continue to be more radical. Jet propulsion, flying wings, rocket ships and atom-driven ships are in view. But this is primarily a story of what goes on now, with the accent on comfort. It is in this latter department that all plane builders and air lines are concentrating. They want you to fly with the greatest of ease.



Donald Douglas' Skybus is typical of the plans for tomorrow's planes

Boeing's doubledecker Stratocruiser is a good example, with its cocktail lounge on the lower deck, connected with the main passenger section by a circular stairway. Seats are well upholstered and roomy, some of them berthable. They are adjustable from normal sitting to full reclining positions and have plenty of leg stretch room. Adjustable head rests, individual reading lights and radios add to

comfort and interest as 300 miles of scenery slip by every hour.

New cabins are pressurized to maintain an air density of 8000 feet while planes speed above the weather at from 20,000 to 30,000 feet. Uniform warmth is facilitated by heated walls and floors. Indirect fluorescent lighting, recessed in the ceiling, adds to the beauty of distinguished interiors, which have been created by the nation's foremost industrial design consultants. Porous, synthetic fabrics in warm colors lend an air of coolness and spaciousness.

In the Douglas DC-7 upper berths are concealed behind slanting panels in the walls and can be readied in 30 seconds. They are 76 to 78 inches long. Everything is provided for the passenger's comfort and convenience right down to a small jewel case. The space between the cabin's inner and outer walls is sound-proofed by an impervious septum between two thick layers of cottony fibre-glass. The cabin itself is shock mounted within an outer frame by rubber contact points and extrusions. Even the floor coverings are of Vynal-covered foam rubber. All of which is designed to reduce to a minimum the "sing" of air flow, propeller tip noise and roar of engines.

SINCE Lindbergh took along his ham sandwiches on the *Spirit of St. Louis* to Le Bourget in the twenties, the problem of food has been paramount in plane travel. On the North Africa run, box lunches have been the rule. Soon modern galleys will be equipped to serve full-course dinners on that trip, with anything from a hamburger to Oysters à la Rockefeller and Broiled Pheasant au Chasseur. The galleys will have electrically-operated stoves and refrigerators.

Full-length mirrors and hand lotions, courtesy of the air line, are small but important services to please the ladies. On the Douglas DC-6 sleeper, similar to the Lockheed Constellation, the powder room is at the aft end of the fuselage. It is a semi-circular room with a cover ceiling in translucent blue and a soft floor of smoky blue. In the curve of the lounge, which forms the rear wall, is a three-section sofa in cocoa-rose.

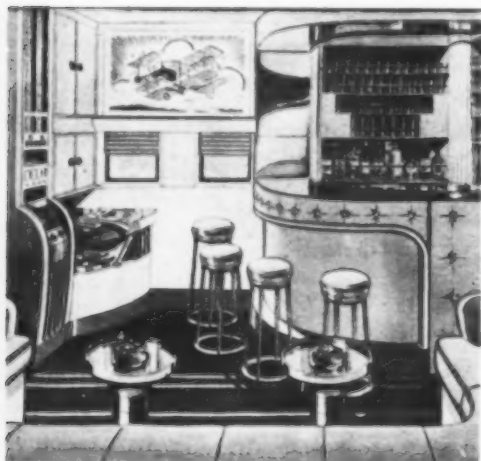
To this attractive 1946 air travel picture, add ship-to-shore telephone service, motion pictures and small dance floors, the final touches of comfort. The dance floor can be arranged in the bar lounge by removing folding tables.

It sounds expensive, but it will not be. Pan American, for instance, has been charging \$561.35 from New York to Buenos Aires. The trip requires 91 hours and 15 minutes. The proposed fare, which represents savings in operating and war risk insurance costs, is \$190.50, a decrease of \$370.85. Time, via the present proposed route, will be cut to a shade better than 21 hours.

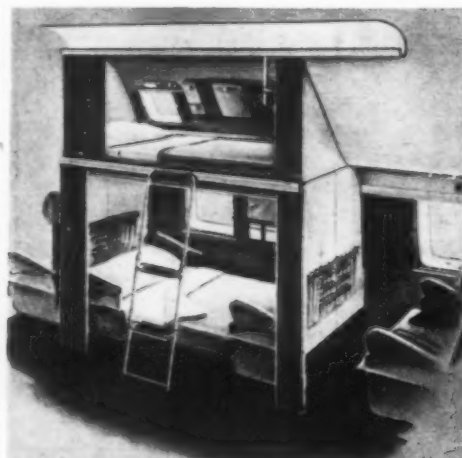
Competition in world air line travel, already a finer point of international diplomacy, will eventually open all major cities on every continent. Round-the-world flights can be made in less than a week now.

Many a Marine who moaned on the bucket seats will be making these trips. But this time in comfort.

END



This bar will be an added attraction in the Glenn L. Martin Company's future transports



Upper or lower berths, take your choice, in the Douglas DC-6. Each has a window



In Boeing's Stratocruiser the cocktail lounge is located on the lower deck and connected with the main passenger sections topside by a circular stairway. The design is for comfort



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Varga Girl EXPOSED

by Corp. Bill Farrell

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PERHAPS, as you glanced at this page, you noticed a picture of a young woman seated on nothing definite and wearing a poised and agreeable smile. This is the Varga girl, as she appears in Esquire magazine.

Now take another look at this unfortunate girl. You may find the unhappy features which caused Miss Charlotte Hess, of New York, to exclaim:

"Men wouldn't give her a second glance if they saw her on the street. Anyone with her proportions would be horrible to look at—in fact, she'd be terrible."

Since Miss Hess is a physical culture expert in Helena Rubinstein's swank Fifth Avenue beauty salon, her words were reported in the newspapers. There they met our sympathetic old eyes. We read them twice. Then we got out a copy of Esquire magazine and looked at the Varga girl.

According to the newspaper story, Miss Hess said the Varga girl's legs were too long, her thighs too thick, her arms too heavy, her waist incredibly thin. The expert also said the Esquire dream girl was swaybacked and had an all-too-apparent need for a powerful girdle.

But Miss Hess told us the newspapers had left out part of her remarks: She had said that men would ignore the Varga girl on the street *if* they saw her wearing ordinary clothes. Miss Hess was quick to point out that, in her customary attire, the Varga girl is good to look at. But in street clothing—well—

Miss Hess was very pessimistic. She brightened quickly, though, when she began telling us about exercises that would correct just such faults as the Varga girl reveals. Nothing, of course, would shorten her legs, but no doubt they could be tolerated as they are (said Miss Hess).

Miss Hess showed us how the Varga girl could slim her arms—with that exercise she illustrates at the left, down at the foot of this page. To correct her posture, and get the sway out of her back, she could do the other routine, at the right, below.

Miss Hess had other exercises to improve those poor, round thighs, and to perfect those hips.

**An expert on female charms
puts her finger on several
defects in the Esquire star**



Charlotte Hess used a cord called a "lithe line." She raised first one hand, then the other



The next exercise is done in this manner: sit on the deck with feet on a chair, raise arms overhead, then lean forward and touch your toes

END

PATTI CLAYTON

*This little lovely is singer
for CBS, and a good one, too*



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHY WILL A MAN let his hair go like that? It's so dull and lifeless. Must make a neat haircomb next to impossible. Yes, just as I thought, loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp all right. Should I let him dream on or should I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away



THIS STORY has a happy ending. Yours can, too. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. You see the difference in your hair. You feel the difference in your scalp. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair stays neat, looks natural. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature — contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care — both scalp and hair.

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REMEMBERING

You lie in your hole
And think about the kid,
Funny how you miss her.
You think of those hours apart,
Hours you can't share
That are slipping into eternity,
Lost forever.
And your mind goes back
To when you took those hours for
granted,
When you and the kid walked in
the park
And fed the squirrels.
Or at the zoo
Eating peanuts and drinking pop,
Knowing it would ruin dinner
And not caring.
You can remember her that day,
A big red balloon in her hand,
Laughing at the elephants;
And those days in the woods,
Laughing at the birds,
Always laughing. . . .
You want to be with your kid then,
see?
While she's young,
Still yours.
You want to hear those innumerable questions,
To buy the first pair of roller skates,
To read her stories at night,
To sing songs.
To laugh. . . .
You watch the ack-ack knife the sky
And remember those other days,
Days when you were the important man in her life,
The one who bought her ice cream,
Who carried her home when she was tired,
Who picked her up when she fell,
Who spanked her for running in the street.
And yet. . . .
It is for all these things
You long for so
That you are here,
Ten thousand miles from home
On an island with a funny sounding name.
You know that. Still. . . .
You lie there in your hole
And ache all night
With your remembering.

— CAPT. EARL J. WILSON

Pacific

THE SHOWERS

I oft relax when ends the day
Beneath thy sweet, caressing spray
And there subject the form divine
To ministrations, wholly thine.
As I splash and briskly scrub,
Ever yearning for a tub,
How I bless the pipe and tanks
That contrive to cool my flanks.
Oft I find a touch of home
As with eyes submerged in foam
In the dark I blindly grope
For that damned evasive soap.

— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK

Cherry Point, N. C.

STAND BY

Stand by, you folks I've left behind —
You'll hear a joyous whoop and roar.
That boy's come home and now you'll find
He's home for keeps and evermore.
It's true I'm changed in many ways,
But let me say, for all to hear,
Time hasn't changed through endless days
My thoughts or feelings so sincere.
The woods will hear my rifle bark,
The hounds shall hear my call,
And all outdoors from light till dark
Will know me, one and all.
Again I'll feel the raw wind bite,
And listen to its sound.
I'll know relief and feel I might
Forget a sniper's well aimed round.

Thoughts of the home I've left behind
Will all come back again, I know.
My children will a father find,
That one they lost two years ago.

I'll feel my mother's proud survey
When she looks upon her son,
And dad will note my homing day,
With smiles and pride, now victory's won.

I'll see that wife who carried on
While all about was black.
She'll know again that days long gone
With joy come tumbling back.

Our hearts will beat as one again,
In rhythm to the sky,
Lovers, rejoice, the train pulls in;
A Marine is home — *stand by!*

— CORP. JAMES C. PINKERTON

Pacific

THE GREAT HAWK'S WAY

Have you ever been up in the Great Hawk's way,
Where the cloud horses wheel and rear,
And the icy blueness hems you in
With a silence you can hear?

Well, I've been there, and farther too —

On up, up those sunlit stairs,
Giving the motor all she'll take
And swinging the world by its ears;

And swung and soared, wheeled and roared
Up where the ice clouds form,
And ridden along on that anvil white
Of a making-up thunder storm.

And then in that moment, with wild-beating heart,
That moment of pure delight —
I've looked on up, and seen with a sigh
How much more there was to flight.

— 1ST LT. RICHARD F. HALE

Killed At Okinawa

BOYHOOD BATTLEMENTS

Perhaps you can recall the days of youth not too long gone

When there was drama in a dawn — and wooded thickets in a fog
Were deep dark forests of the past;
We boys, we saw a fortress in a pile of rock,

Prairies of adventure in some small plot

Hidden from all alien view.
On summer mornings we would all converge

Upon a vast deserted reservoir,
Our personal weapons girded on — a wooden sword, a dagger sharp;

Above us fluttering flags of brightness at the start.

All morning long we struggled there, dust rising from the plain,
Triumph echoing from the heights —

For we were knights, or gallant soldiers of the past;

And when the sun rose high we wandered home in happiness,

For though we'd fought the morning through

Not one had perished
And each had been the victor over some imaginary foe. . . .

The years have passed and those dear comrades I cannot recall,
But some have no doubt found some grim real battle with a deadly foe;

A hundred million others who then played as we did

Came to be in earnest, with reality they found the truth.

The spell is gone with tragedy and mud and waiting hours —

Chivalry is dead with time and honor doomed;

For those who stormed the heights in morning sun

The afternoon of peace comes not too soon. . . .

— PFC WILLIAM STONE

Kinston, N. C.

MESS WITH THE MUSSAUS

IT'S seldom that anything ever stops a Marine, let alone four of 'em. But that's exactly what happened. The four, all sergeants, too, were stopped colder than a mackerel!

And speaking of fish, that's just what caused the mess. That and some five pounds of hamburger, a dozen cans of warm beer and three curly-haired natives.

It happened on Emirau. The war had rolled past this little island in the St. Matthias group but old man Thor left something behind. It was a Marine bomber detachment with little to do except fight boredom and catch up on sack time.

The quartet of sergeants, including myself, decided to meet the situation with a picnic at sundown on a coral beach fringed with the usual palm trees bearing those hard-to-open coconuts. That accounts for the precious hamburger and brew.

Just beyond the reefs the three aforementioned natives could be seen bobbing and diving. A head would appear followed by the flash of a glistening black arm wielding a spear. Then a triumphant yell would rise above the ripple of the waves as another flopping fish would slide down the five-foot long shaft to join his fellow travelers still squirming on the other end of the weapon.

"Well, I'll be damned," mused Sgt. J. P. McLemore. "Back in Meridian, Miss., we never fished like that, but let's give it a whirl."

You know what warm beer does — we were ready to try anything. So we cut spears from the brush, stripped and waded over the sharp coral to the fishing grounds.

No luck. The salt water got into our eyes and mouth and gummed up the works. Besides, the fish were too smart and too fast. We gave up and returned to our hamburgers and brew.

The fish were probably poisonous anyway — we said — but when the trio of grinning natives timidly came to our fire and mutely offered us eight still wriggling specimens, we accepted them gratefully. We cleaned them hungrily and tossed them into the frying pan, while the natives watched, still grinning.

Sergeant Manuel "Stumpy" Roy, of Tampa, Fla., graciously pulled out his pack of Camels and passed them around. The natives declined, shaking their curly noggins.

"Cigarets no good. We Mussau boys. No smoke. Bad."

And in unison they pounded their chests indicating where nicotine plays havoc with man and speeds him to his grave.

Usually pretty flip, "Stumpy" almost shamefacedly tossed his cigaret into the surf.

The natives, little guys who were at least a foot shorter than we, kept grinning. Here we were, four Marine sergeants, feeling a bit on the belittled side.

Now old Sarge Brancroft, of Petoskey, Mich., tried. He used to sell Buicks before the war. With real finesse he dug into a box of rations and pulled out a packet of soluble coffee, opened it and with a suave flourish offered some to the natives.

"This very okay guy. Simple. Take hot water and . . ."

He got no further. One of the gooks broke in with the austere clarity of Oxford.

"Oh, we understand these things." Then, with brilliant diplomacy he added, "Me savvy. Me Mussau boy, too."

"What the hell is this 'Mussau boy' stuff?" I demanded.

"Pardon me," said the native. "It is true. We are from Mussau, an adjoining island, and we do not smoke or swear. (I blanched under his look.) The good missionaries taught us many things. We are Christians. May we use your fire?"

Silently we took our fish out of the pan and offered it to these strange lads. They politely refused. The one who could speak English as well as any of us lapsed into the pidgin stuff. So help me, the guy didn't want to embarrass us!

"Me throw on fire," he said.

Into the burning coals went the fish — heads, tails and all. In a little while our guests snatched the burnt-black supper from the fire, withdrew a short distance, and attacked this meal with relish.

We looked at each other and smiled. Whoever heard of cooking like that? These gooks weren't so smart after all. We felt better. Our black friends thanked us, presented us with some more fish and departed.

Well . . . so we did toss them into the coals, and so they did taste better that way with the charred skins and scales pulling off and leaving only flaky whiteness, steaming and delectable.

McLemore looked with disgust at the greasy frying pan, dirty plates and forks and the ants crawling over the mess. He scooped up the whole business, tossed it into the ocean, and announced:

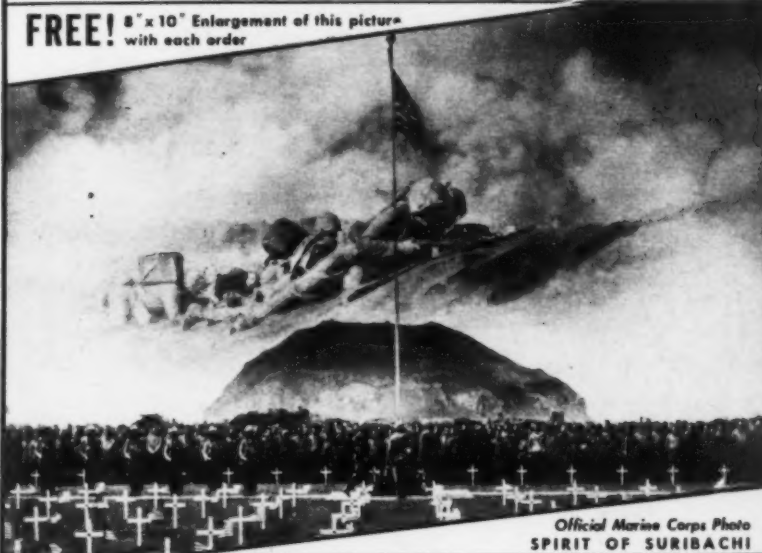
"Me Mississippi boy."

SGT. GEORGE H. MATTIE

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KNEEHOLE SOLILOQUY



(Editor's note: Wherein a private succeeds to the desk of a master tech sergeant in the Marine Department of Public Information).

ANOTHER man's desk is a fascinating thing. At least to me it is. Looking at one, in fact, I am always stirred with a curiosity akin to lust. Leave me alone with a strange desk and I am seized with a desire I hardly dare mention in the presence of ladies.

Riffling surreptitiously through appointment calendars, leering at envelopes marked "Personal" and slyly pinching paper clips are the mildest symptoms of my mania. Had I not finally been given another man's desk to do with as I please, it's difficult to say what might have happened. But just a few weeks ago my powerful craving was finally—and officially—satisfied.

It all happened when I was ordered to report to Marine Headquarters in Washington. There, I knew, would be a bevy of the most saucy and inviting desks in the world. I remember slaverling a little over this thought as I packed my seabag.

Yet, as things turned out, I was able to slake my secret thirst quite openly. I was being called to Washington, it seems, to take charge of a pert and buxom kneehole desk being callously abandoned by a master technical sergeant for a ruptured duck.

To tell the truth, this sergeant was so brusque about the abandonment that he nearly bowled me over going out the door of his office as I came in. "There she is," he said as we passed. "She's all yours."

"You cad!" I hissed. But I wasn't really mad at the sergeant. Even the most beautiful desk palls, I suppose, after a while. At the moment, though, I'm hardly in a position to judge such things, for never before have I had so beautiful a creature at my disposal.

True, she still bears many indelible marks of her hectic life with the sergeant, but in a way these things make her all the more interesting. She has depths, I tell you—real depths!

Only yesterday as I tousled her tenderly, she yielded an unwashed coffee cup, an empty lighter-fluid container, three used toothpicks, a pre-war copy of *The Police Gazette* and a street map of Twin Bridges, Montana. She's full of the most unexpected things.

The other evening as we stole a few precious moments alone, away from the hubbub of the day, she inadvertently let fall a sere memorandum, doubtless treasured from days when the vanished sergeant was attentive. Addressed with a callous "To Whom It May Concern," the memo stated:

"Somebody wanted to know O'Leary's home address. Scripps-Howard wanted to know if we have a brigadier general named Turner. The answer is no."

That's all the memo said, but what a wealth of passionate tenderness lurks between those crisp, even cryptic, lines. Reading them now in the light of other matters, it's easy to see there were times when the sergeant and his desk were intimate beyond the power of simple words to describe.

There were poetic moments, too, as a tattered scrap of foolscap tenderly folded in a Baltimore & Ohio timetable will witness. "The blessed damozel carried three lillies in her hand," read the shakily written legend. "What did she have in her hair? Seven stars..."

This wayward expression is undated, but I suspect it was written during the phase of the sergeant's life when he devoted some part of each day to printing the word "Hell" in big letters on his calendar. From evidence at hand, this habit first gripped him on 14 August 45, and held sway over him until the day I arrived from boot camp, lusting for his desk.

Well, I've made my bed, I guess, and I'll have to lie in it. "Semper Fidelis" is more than just a motto to me. But I must admit that a ruptured duck, seen in the right light and wearing just the proper amount of makeup, is very attractive.

PVT. FRANK A. SISK

If a slip-up's
caught you cold ...



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MEET ME AT PARK'S
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THIRD DIVISION (continued from page 15)

Early the second day the enemy attacked in strength, coming from the east along the shore toward the flank of Globe Wireless Hill. The assault was broken up with the support of Third Division artillery, naval gunfire and air support. The immediate effect of the enemy counter-attack was to delay our own. The 21st Marines held up its advance to prevent a gap between its left and the Third Marines, the latter regiment fighting desperately for the ridges south of Chonite Cliff, which area was an anchor exercising drag on the entire line. Toward nightfall the Third Marines reported "a pretty secure position for the night," although in the center they had never quite gained the ridge. This ridge was very difficult to approach because of open terrain and the enemy's defiladed positions, both of which precluded extended rushing tactics. The first two assaults were stopped cold, with companies pinned down for hours within a grenade's throw of the objective.

The attack was resumed against heavy resistance, particularly on the left and center, at daybreak of July 23. On the left, units of the Third Marines clawed their way up the ridge to ground commanding Beaches Red 1 and 2. Opposition from small arms fire was heavy. Cabras Island was completely occupied by the Ninth Marines during the morning and then was turned over to the 14th Defense Battalion. The 21st Marines also ran into considerable resistance. Pillboxes and gun emplacements which blocked their progress finally were cleaned out by demolition squads and flame-throwers.

The Third Division's attack was continued the next morning with the Third Marines on the left renewing their assault against enemy and terrain alike, meeting heavy resistance from both. Their reward was a few more yards of the high ground overlooking the Mt. Tenjo Road and its approaches.

On the morning of the 25th, a combination of infantry, artillery, tanks and mortars pushed the attack all along the line. The Third Marines on the left (its battered 1st Battalion replaced by the 2nd Battalion of the Ninth Marines) crossed winding Mt. Tenjo Road and gained control of traffic on it within the secured sector. The 21st Marines met little resistance except for a gun emplacement which was quickly taken care of by a reserve platoon of tanks. The Ninth Marines encountered negligible resistance on its right flank and quickly reached high ground above the Agaña River.

During the early hours of the 26th, the enemy laid down an intense artillery and mortar preparation on the Third Division's left center and beach installations, and followed up with a major counter-attack. The Japanese 48th Mixed Brigade launched an attack from the Fonte Mountain area against the Third Marines, and the Japanese 18th Infantry (less one battalion) hit the 21st Marines' lines, the assault coming from the vicinity of the Beacon Light at the head of the Fonte River Valley. Small enemy groups passed along the Asan and Nidual River bottoms to the Third Division rear areas during darkness and attacked artillery positions and the Third Division hospital. These groups were destroyed by a composite battalion of Pioneers, assisted by artillerymen and detachments of the Division Headquarters Battalion, or driven back into the 21st Marines, where they were wiped out. By nightfall, the enemy had been completely defeated by the Third Division, a blow which broke the backbone of opposition on Guam.

AFTER brushing aside a number of minor Banzai charges against the left and center during the pre-dawn hours of July 28, the Third Division launched a coordinated attack which advanced its lines from 1000 to 2000 yards on the right and center. On the left, occupation of Mt. Fonte was completed, the Third Marines driving all but small isolated groups of the enemy from his well-prepared positions. By the end of the day, Third Division groups were firmly established on the Mt. Fonte-Mt. Chachao Ridge line and the massif to Mt. Tenjo. Japs remaining in this area were surrounded. Troops of the 77th Infantry Division were on Mt. Tenjo and were in contact with the Third Division's right flank. Although extremely important gains were made during the day, Third Division casualties totaled only 143. The Japanese, however, suffered heavily; it was estimated that 5000 Japanese dead lay in the Fonte-Chachao battle position, including more than 900 dead in the 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines area on the nose of Fonte.

At 0630, July 31, the division jumped off, initiating the attack to seize the northern half of Guam. The troops encountered little resistance and by the end of the day Agaña, capital of Guam, had been occupied. The Agaña-Pago Bay Road was open to American motor traffic for 4000 yards.

The pursuit of the enemy was continued during the next week against light to moderate resistance, and on August 8 the left flank of the Third Division reached the northern coast. The next day Third Division units reached the cliff-edge overlooking the



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sea. The last elements of the division reached the northern shoreline on August 10.

Meanwhile the rear echelon of the Third Division began embarkation at Guadalcanal on August 11 and arrived Ylig Bay, Guam, September 1. The administrative group followed on September 5. On September 15, Gen. Turnage relinquished command of the division to Brigadier General Alfred H. Noble, Assistant Division Commander. Brigadier General W. A. Worton, became Assistant Division Commander on September 22. Gen. Noble left the division on October 12, and Gen. Worton was in command until October 17, when Major General Graves B. Erskine assumed command.

On September 1, 1944, the Third Marine Division took over the defense of Guam (under operational control of the Island Commander, Major General Henry L. Larsen, USMC), which included the mopping up of all areas formerly assigned the First Provisional Marine Brigade and the area of the 77th Infantry Division north of the Mt. Tenjo-Pago Bay line. At 0800, September 20, the 77th Division was relieved and the Third Division assumed all patrol responsibility on the island. The Third Division continued to operate under the V Amphibious Corps for administrative training and planning purposes, but was assigned to the Island Commander, Guam, as garrison troops and ground defense force. The latter assignment included outpost and patrol duties to protect vital installations and to eliminate remaining Japanese.

FROM October 24 to November 3, units of the Third Division mopped up in northern Guam. The killing of 228 Japanese, and the capture of 13 more brought the total to 9788 dead and 485 captured since July 21. Third Division casualties for the operation were 667 killed, six missing, and 3201 wounded.

From February 8 to 14, the division embarked at Apra Harbor on transports and landing craft of Transport Squadron 11, preparatory to the Iwo Jima operation, in which the Third Division had been assigned as Expeditionary Troops Reserve. Transport Division 32, with the 21st Marines and a Detachment of Division Headquarters Groups (including the Assistant Division Commander), left Guam on the 16th and arrived in the Transport Area off Iwo Jima prior to H-Hour on the 19th. The 3rd Tank Battalion left Guam in two LSTs on the 16th and arrived off Iwo Jima on the 20th. The remainder of Transport Squadron 11 sailed from Guam the 17th and arrived in the Reserve Area, approximately 80 miles southeast of Iwo Jima, at 2200 on the 19th. The 21st Marines relieved the 26th Marines as Corps Reserve at 0955, February 19, and two days later began landing, having been released to the Fourth Marine Division. On the 22nd, Transport Division 31, with the Ninth Marines and Division Headquarters Group (less Detachment) moved into the Transport Area and began landing two days later on Beaches Red 2 and Yellow 1. On February 27 Transport Division 33, with the Third Marines and the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the 12th, moved into the Transport Area. The battalions of the 12th landed about February 26.

The division (less Third and 21st Marines) began debarkation at 0800 on the 24th and at 1600 the two beaches, redesignated as Black Beach, were assigned to the Third Division. Meanwhile, to expedite unloading, 20 LVTs were assigned to the Division Shore Party by the V Amphibious Corps. Although the weather was clear and warm, a brisk wind and sea slowed the unloading of small craft. Considerable congestion prevailed upon the beaches, due in large measure to the difficulty of moving wheeled vehicles even when equipped with chains and pushed by manpower up the steep sandy terraces to firmer ground, where the access roads commenced.

Having assumed control of the zone previously allotted to the 21st Marines (which had reverted to Third Division control at 0700) the division attacked on the 25th, by-passing the Ninth Marines (3rd Tank Battalion attached), through the lines of the 21st Marines. With the 1st and 2nd Battalions, Ninth Marines abreast, right to left, the attack jumped off, with artillery support provided by the 1st Battalion, 14th Marines, in direct support of the Ninth Marines and the 4th Battalion, 13th Marines, providing reinforcing fire. Naval gunfire, both by heavy ships in general support of the Corps and by destroyers in direct support of the assault battalions, had been in progress since dawn and continued on call missions as the attack progressed. Weapons of the 21st Marines assisted in covering the passage through the lines by the Ninth Marines.

Enemy resistance was well organized and determined, especially on the left. The terrain was not only favorable to the defense, but thoroughly fortified by pillboxes, caves and covered artillery emplacements. Although rifle fire was light, there was intense fire from machine guns, automatic anti-aircraft cannon and some mortars. As the Third Division zone of action was completely crossed by the runways of Motoyama Airfield No. 2, the advance of troops was necessarily across fire-swept flat

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THIRD DIVISION (continued)

stretches of terrain commanded by high ground. Although determined assaults were made up the center of the Third Division zone, only limited gains were made. Enemy high-velocity anti-tank weapons cost nine tanks, which together with tenacious enemy defense, especially on the left from interconnecting caves and galleries in the high ground north and west of the airfield, limited the advance of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions.

After a cold and rainy night, which apparently kept down enemy activity of any significance, the Ninth Marines (3rd Tank Battalion attached) and the 3rd Battalion, 21st Marines, continued the attack at 0800 on the 26th. Three battalions of the 12th Marines (direct support) and the reinforcing fire of the 4th Battalion, 13th Marines, backed them up.

No appreciable gains were made during the day, although there was plenty of action. Enemy defenses to the Third Division front consisted principally of a deep band of approximately 50 interlocking bunkers and pillboxes, sited on high ground and reinforced by heavy mortar concentrations. Enemy automatic antiaircraft cannon not only continued to fire upon American aircraft but added their great striking power and rapid rate of fire to those of weapons primarily employed on ground missions.

On the morning of the 27th the Ninth Marines (3rd Battalion, 21st Marines, and 3rd Tank Battalion attached) continued the attack in the Third Division zone of action. The 1st Battalion on the right was pinned in the jump-off position by intense fire, while the left assault battalion was able to advance but 150 yards before being halted by heavy artillery and mortar concentrations. It was now evident that the attack was being carried against one of the enemy's main battle positions, situated in the central massif of the island, running east and west, just south of Motoyama Village. A second attack was initiated at 1300 behind a heavy rolling barrage of artillery and naval gunfire. Following the barrage closely, the 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, made a rapid advance of approximately 700 yards across the level ground to its front. But at the end of the day it was still some 500 yards short of the final high ground separating it from the depression in which Airfield No. 3 lay.

On the 28th, after an intense artillery and naval gunfire preparation, and behind a rolling barrage, the 21st Marines passed through the lines of the Ninth Marines and continued the attack. On the left, the 1st Battalion made an immediate advance of some 500 yards before being halted by heavy mortar and small-arms fire. On the right the 3rd Battalion followed the barrage closely and advanced rapidly. At 1200 the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, was attached to the 21st Marines and preparations were made for another coordinated attack. One hour later, after another intense artillery and naval gunfire preparation and behind a rolling barrage, the second attack was launched. The left battalion was again pinned down. The 3rd Battalion, however, made substantial gains and by 1400 had crossed the ridge and seized the village of Motoyama, as well as the high ground overlooking Airfield No. 3.

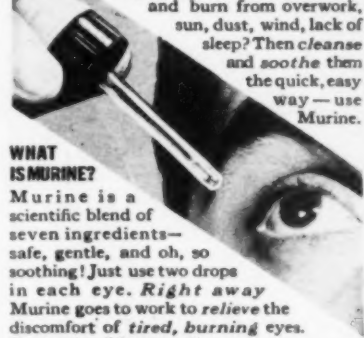
THE Third Division, with the Fourth Division on its right and the Fifth Division on its left, continued the attack at 0830 March 1, following a 30-minute naval gunfire and a 15-minute artillery preparation. Initial resistance was somewhat lighter than had previously been encountered, especially on the right, where the high ground west of Motoyama Village was securely in our hands. As the attack progressed, however, opposition again stiffened and mortar and artillery fire increased. Revetted enemy tanks were now encountered in the role of pillboxes, and the fields of fire provided by the partially completed Airfield No. 3 enabled the Japs to take full advantage of their commanding position on the far sides of the natural bowl across which the Third Division's attack was to be made. In spite of their stiff opposition, the Japanese were being pushed slowly into a pocket at the northern end of the island.

The Ninth Marines spearheaded the division's attack the next morning, but heavy mortar and small-arms fire from the high ground to the front and right slowed the advance. The 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines (still attached to the 21st Marines), supported by direct fire from tanks, made excellent progress, although against increasing resistance on the left. The open ground northwest of the uncompleted runways of Motoyama Airfield No. 3 was crossed and the nose of Hill 362 was occupied in the face of intense fire from small arms, machine guns and from two or more 75-mm guns which swept the approaches. An all-out attack was launched at 1530 in an attempt to make a break-through to the sea. Although this assault was supported by a heavy artillery and naval gunfire preparation, and was made in the wake of a rolling barrage, the Ninth Marines was pinned down by mortar and flat-trajectory fire. On the left the 21st Marines registered small gains but the day's advance was nullified by the enforced withdrawal of the 3rd Battalion, Ninth

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Marines, and Company G, 2nd Battalion, 21st Marines. Their advance positions had become untenable because of heavy enemy fire and the lack of adequate fields of fire for the night defense. An average gain of 300 yards had been made, however, and the entire area of Airfield No. 3 was controlled by our troops.

The Third Division continued the attack on March 3 with the 21st Marines making the main effort, an attempt to turn the formidable center of resistance in front of the Ninth Marines. Ten minutes of artillery and 30 minutes of naval gunfire and a rolling barrage preceded the attack. The Ninth Marines, its battalions weakened from the continuous fighting, was unable to advance in the face of the heavy flat-trajectory fire from all quarters. Against heavy resistance and harassed by fires from the strongpoint of Hill 357, the 21st Marines was able to advance slowly until the nose of this hill had been captured at 1145. Meanwhile, arrangements had been made for relief of the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, still clinging precariously to the approaches of Hill 362 on the left. Although the relief of this battalion by the Fifth Marine Division was scheduled for F000, an enemy counterattack at 1030 resulted in a heavy-fire fight which continued throughout the day.

As a result, one company of this battalion, together with some personnel of the 27th Marines, remained on the line that night. A second coordinated attack was launched at 1500, aimed at securing Hill 362 and the high ground along the right boundary. Although a rapid initial advance was made on the left by the 21st Marines, enemy fire was so intense that only slight gains were made by the Ninth Marines in their frontal assault. In spite of the bitter opposition encountered, the Third Division had severed the last enemy east-west artery of communication and had occupied positions overlooking the sea.

ON THE 4th, the Ninth Marines continued their frontal effort while the 3rd Battalion, 21st Marines, passed through the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, and attacked southeast in an attempt to carry the seemingly impregnable Hill 362. Slight gains were registered, but resistance from the highly organized position prevented a complete breakthrough.

March 5 was set aside by Corps order for much needed rest, re-grouping and re-equipping. Throughout the day the 12th Marines carried out systematic harassing fire and a destroyer fired continuously on enemy positions in and around Hill 362, which also was hit by a strong air strike. A coordinated effort was made on March 6 behind rolling barrages, supplemented by naval gunfire and air strikes. Only limited gains were made.

It was now apparent that Hill 362 must be reduced and that ordinary tactics would not suffice. A night attack was planned. The Third Marine Division jumped off at 0500 on the 7th without artillery or air preparation and in a pre-dawn advance bypassed a number of heavy defensive positions. By daylight Hill 331 had fallen and an average advance of 250 yards had been made. After mopping up by-passed pockets of resistance, which was featured by savage hand-to-hand fighting, the attack was continued. At 1340 Hill 362 was carried by the 3rd Battalion, Ninth Marines, who had been waging a bitter struggle for its possession since daylight.

The attack was continued the next day but very little progress was made due to enemy resistance and the extremely rugged terrain. However, the enemy's main defensive position had been definitely breached and his resistance to our advance towards the beaches greatly diminished. During the next two days, units of the Third Division fought through to the beaches and by night-fall of the 10th all organized resistance in the center had been eliminated. Two battalions were firmly established on the eastern beaches.

The division continued the attack at 0730, March 11, attempting by simultaneous northward and southward movement of the 1st and 3rd Battalions to pinch out the remaining resistance in the right of the division zone of action. The 21st Marines sought to smash all remaining resistance on high ground to the extreme left of the zone, about 1000 yards northeast of Hill 357. Enemy resistance continued to be determined and intense, but by this time had begun to lose its coordination.

By noon contact was made between the 3rd and 1st Battalions of the Ninth Marines on the high ground southeast of Hill 362, thus pinching out the 3rd Battalion, 21st Marines. The two battalions of the Ninth had eliminated the remaining enemy resistance by 1500, contact being established at a point near the coast, south-southeast of Hill 362.

To the north, meanwhile, the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, had secured its objective (the high ground about 1000 yards northeast of Hill 357) and had pinched out the 2nd Battalion, 21st Marines. The only remaining unoccupied ground in the Third Division zone was the beach-area below the cliffs held by the 1st Battalion, 21st Marines, which was covered by enemy fire from the Fifth Division zone of action. This no-man's land

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THIRD DIVISION (continued)

was occupied after the Fifth Division had overrun enemy gun positions.

After having secured all resistance in its zone, except for the no-man's land on the north beaches, the Third Division initiated intensive patrolling and mopping-up operations. In addition to stray enemy personnel encountered throughout the zone of action, there were two organized pockets of resistance, each of which required the attention of at least a battalion. The first, in the area approximately 500 yards south of Hill 331, consisted of some 150 Japanese entrenched in a group of mutually supporting pillboxes and caves. These took every advantage of the broken and rugged terrain, but prevented the effective employment of supporting weapons and tanks.

The second pocket of resistance, very nearly contiguous to the first, was in a ravine, one side of which contained a group of caves and bunkers so sited as to cover each other as well as virtually all approaches by heavy fire. Against this pocket, however, self-propelled 75-mm guns proved exceedingly useful. The reduction of these two pockets was eventually accomplished by an attack of the 1st and 3rd Battalions, Ninth Marines, delivered in a westerly direction, which to a certain extent took the positions in reverse.

ON THE 16th, the 21st Marines (one tank company attached) relieved the 27th Marines, of the Fifth Division, and at 0815, with the 1st and 2nd Battalions abreast, right to left, attacked northward toward Kitano Point. The jump-off was preceded by thirty minutes of naval and twenty minutes of artillery fire. Fire was lifted 100 yards at jump-off time, and continued for 10 minutes by the artillery and 20 minutes by the navy. Enemy resistance was light, consisting mainly of small arms fire from behind the boulders and inside the crevices which filled the area. The 21st Marines moved ahead rapidly with the 1st Battalion setting the pace on the right. On the left the 2nd Battalion encountered moderate resistance as it moved down the high ground to its front. By noon the enemy defense was definitely broken and by 1330 all resistance ended.

During the next ten days the Third Division carried out night ambushes and intensive patrolling, killing more than 800 enemy. At 0700, March 26, the Third Marine Division with the 147th Infantry attached assumed responsibility for patrolling the entire island. On April 4 the 147th Infantry Regiment relieved all elements of the Third Marine Division. By the 18th, all units were back on Guam and preparing for the next operation.

Casualties for the Third Division (as of 1800, April 10) were 876 killed, 10 missing and 3211 wounded. Casualties for units attached to the division were 892 killed, 11 missing and 3299 wounded. Estimated Japanese dead as of 1800 April 7 was 7845.

On April 6 the Third Marines, with the 3rd Battalion, 12th Marines and VMO-1 attached, began intensive patrolling of that part of Guam south of the line Ylig Bay-Agat Village to eliminate an estimated 150 to 200 Japs. They were reported to be in groups of from five to fifteen and were believed to be armed with rifles, hand grenades and possibly a few automatic weapons. The 3rd Battalion, 12th Marines, was detached and returned to base camp on April 8, VMO-1 on April 12, and the Third Marines (less the 2nd Battalion) on April 13. The 2nd Battalion then passed to Third Division control and continued operations until April 17. During this operation 14 Japs were killed.

THE division completed a 13-week training program on July 21 and immediately began an eight-week training program designed to iron out deficiencies in the previous program and to stress co-ordination of larger units and supporting arms. This schedule was maintained until August 3, when the V Amphibious Corps landing diagram and schedule for the "Olympic Operation," was received. Olympic was to be an amphibious landing by the Sixth U. S. Army on the island of Kyushu, tentatively scheduled for November 1. The landing was to be made as follows: the I and XI Army Corps on the east and southeast coasts; the V Amphibious Corps (Second, Third and Fifth Marine Divisions) on the south and southwest coasts, and the 40th Army Division on the west coast. The IX Army Corps was to make a feint at the southern peninsula of Honshu and at the Skihoku Islands, then remain in floating reserve.

While preparations were going forward for the forthcoming "Olympic Operation," an assault that would take the Marines ashore on the enemy homeland, Japan agreed to cease hostilities in accordance with terms of the Potsdam Agreement. The signing of the surrender agreement aboard the battleship *Missouri* brought respite to all those units which had dealt telling blows against the enemy — among others, to the Third Marine Division, whose efforts at Bougainville, Guam, and Iwo Jima had been in keeping with the highest traditions of the Marine Corps. **END**

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Fairy Tale

MARINES who made bloodless beachheads in China and Japan are just finding out what an unlucky bunch of stiffies they might have been. What the Shambos had in mind just before they collectively hollered "uncle" shouldn't happen to a mother-in-law.

A writer in the Shantung *Daily News*, which is accused of being Nazi-sponsored, divulged some startling information. Nimble Nip scientists had come up with everything but the atomic bomb itself, if the Shantung sheet is to be believed. It said the Japs had developed:

A six-motored plane four times as big as the B-29.

A mystery ray which could blow up Washington, D.C. in an instant.

A radar-type set capable of detecting the presence of planes more than 2000 miles from Tokyo.

Other than the newspaper, no evidence of these terrible implements has been found.

The *Daily News* was exultant, confident. It said devising of the weapons had been accomplished, much to the delight and amazement of the entire Japanese nation. It described the plane, designed, it said, by Professor Yamamoto.

"In case of assaulting the American mainland, a fleet of the planes will fly at an altitude of some 20,000 meters and let loose thousands of pilotless air torpedoes, capable of reducing vital cities to ashes," said the newspaper.

"The same plane is capable of controlling from an altitude of 15,000 to 20,000 meters, unmanned small torpedo boats with a speed of 3000 kilometers. These torpedo boats will be loaded with explosives sufficient to sink instantaneously an enemy battleship of 45,000 tons."

When you hear more about the mysterious mystery ray you will understand why the atomic bomb was overlooked. The ray has claimed for it a destructive power "several hundred times" stronger than the atomic bomb. Concentration of it could blow up the entire city of Washington. No explanation is given, however, as to why Washington was singled out.

But wait! The radar-ish business is the hottest of all. It is the brain-child of Professor Tsunesaburo Asada. It is not only a brain child. It is a brain itself. Says the *Daily News*, in its own quaint way:

"The ray is capable of distinguish the categories of enemy planes, and take appropriate measures according to the intelligence thus obtained beforehand."

In this connection, too, the Japs had planned to use a magic sort of chemical possessing qualities that would give one pause and make Jules Verne's heavenly monsters look like pikers. This chemical would be "spread in the air to form a compound with gasoline and turn it into a sticky substance, thus making it impossible for enemy planes to operate."

Natch. Our carrier pilots would then have had a real use for the word "fouled up" when their whirring propellers ploughed into that sticky mess.

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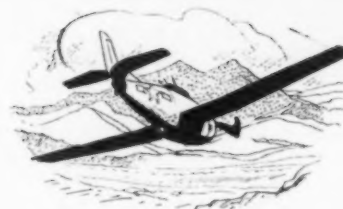
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The RED DEVILS

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THE Army was fighting its way south on Okinawa. Love Hill stood in the way of the 383rd Regiment. For several days the troops tried to storm the ridge but Japs firmly entrenched on the top and on the south side of the hill beat back the attack.

Suddenly the troops saw a flight of bombers coming up from the south, headed toward their lines. It was a strike of Marine and Navy TBM's out to dislodge the Nips from the slope.

Ground support strikes normally are not flown toward friendly lines—there is too much danger of the planes hitting their own troops. But this time a strike headed northward was the only way to get at the Nips. Actually the Army wasn't worried about damage from our planes because the strike was led by pilots of the famous Marine Red Devil squadron.

Leader of the strike, Captain James E. Nauss, of Albany, Minn., gunned his turkey in over the target area and waggled his wings. That was a dry run for target location. Ground radioed that he was right on the beam.

The second time that Nauss came over the target it was no dry run. The troops saw his plane plummet down and disappear below the crest of the ridge. They waited for him to reappear. Just when they were sure he had failed to pull out of his dive, the blue turkey zoomed up over the crest, followed a second later by a tremendous explosion.

Then the infantrymen saw the other TBM's come in toward them, dive down on the ridge and pull out as they dropped their bombs. They watched Lieutenant Fred Folino, of Cleveland, Ohio. They watched Lieutenant Edmund Gilligan, of New Orleans, La. They watched Lieutenant James Godbold, of McComb, Miss. They watched more than a dozen planes unload their bombs and rockets. Then, when the strike was over, they pushed up the hill and through the debris to clear the Japs from their positions.

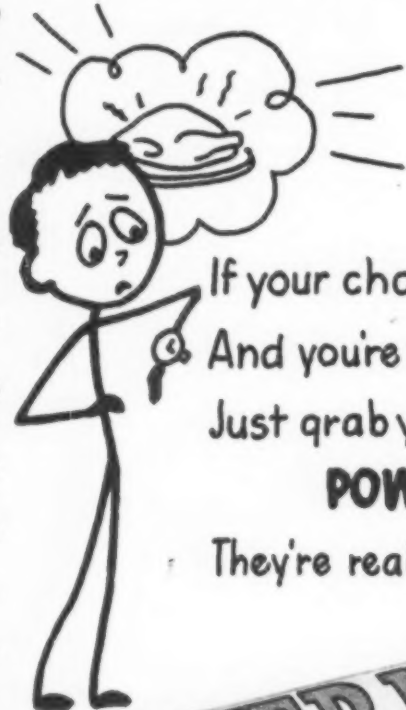
That was just one of many such strikes the Red Devils flew in the last major Marine campaign of World War II, one of many campaigns for the pilots of VMTB 232. As VJ day came the torpedo bombers were flying anti-sub patrol, looking for any Jap undersea prowler that might be trying to strike a last lick against our shipping.

This gave VMTB 232 the distinction of being in action against the enemy both on Pearl Harbor day and VJ day. It was at Ewa when the Nips pulled their sneak attack and, like all Marine units there, it took a beating. In those days it was still known under its old designation as a dive bomber squadron, VMSB 232.

Firsts are routine to the Red Devils. Its ground echelon was the first aviation unit to hit the beach on Okinawa, landing on L plus 2. For the first 30 days of the operation, the ground force of 232 serviced its own squadron and three others, working around the clock under continual Jap aerial bombardment and shell fire.

When the flight echelon came in from Ulithi a few weeks after L Day the pilots started on the kind of a campaign that the flyers described as a bomber pilot's dream.

Originally the squadron was slated for the routine job of anti-



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to patrol of the surrounding waters. In fact its CO, Major Allan L. Feldmeier, of Little Falls, New York, had been designated to head all ASP activities in the Ryukyus. But within a few days it was assigned the primary job of supporting the ground forces. This latter assignment gave the Red Devils chores never before equalled for variety.

Day and night the squadron flew bombing and rocket strikes in support of Marines and Army infantry. It supplied the ground forces via parachute drops. It sprayed the island with DDT to wipe out disease-carrying insects. It dropped propaganda leaflets over the enemy lines. It delivered hot coffee and doughnuts to Marines on the front lines by parachute.

One day VMTB 232 was called on to perform an unusual assignment. It flew over the enemy lines with a note to the Jap commanding general on Okinawa, calling on him to surrender. Then its observers waited until they saw the Nips retrieve the message.

The following day the Red Devils loaded up with 25 civilian correspondents and flew out to see if the Japs had posted the pre-arranged signals to indicate capitulation. Instead of the markers, the fliers were greeted by ack-ack.

Although designated a torpedo bomber squadron, 232 did about everything on Okinawa except use torpedoes. One job much appreciated by the infantry was its nightly bombing and heckling missions against Jap artillery positions. For a while night firing artillery had been raising hell with our ground forces. VMTB 232 was called on to do something about it.

EVERY night the torpedo bombers would fly patrol over the Nip lines. When a Jap artillery piece would open up, the flash in the dark was all that the pilots had in the way of target designation. They would bore in with bombs and rockets. Pretty soon the Shambos got the word that night artillery fire was not too healthy and they began to knock it off. All in all the night heckling missions by the squadron are credited with silencing more than half the night artillery fire by the Japs.

Besides knocking out enemy artillery, the Red Devils helped our own big guns dish it out against the Nips. On May 5th, Lieut. Godbold was flying observation in the vicinity of Yonabaru. Ground control contacted the flyer and asked for help in locating some Jap gun positions believed to be concealed in caves near Tombstone Ridge.

Godbold flew in over the target area. After several flights, his observations led him to believe the Jap piece was in a certain cave. He relayed the word to warships which were standing offshore to shell the position.

After each salvo Godbold gave corrections to the ships and to Third Corps artillery which had joined in the show. Within a short time the target had been blasted out of existence, the pilot helping out by unloading his bombs and rockets on the cave entrances.

When the big rains came on Okinawa, the First and Sixth Divisions were fighting on the Naha-Shuri line and driving south. Roads were hip-deep in mud and many supplies had to be dropped from planes. The Red Devils did the bulk of the para-pack drops.



Typical of the aerial supply work was a flight over the Sixth Division lines in the vicinity of Itoman led by Captain Floyd G. Phillips, of Aurora, Ill. A unit of the Sixth was pinned down in a small sector so that the flyers had a target area of only 150 feet square in which to drop their bundles.

On their first mission the Red Devils put 13 out of 16 bundles in the target. On their second mission they got 23 out of 24 bundles into the target area. A wide variety of supplies were dropped including food, ammunition, water, radios, telephone wire, medical supplies and other combat gear.

All in all the Red Devils got 96 per cent of their supply chutes into the target areas so they could be recovered. During its drive to the southern end of the island, the First Division got the bulk of its supplies for several days via 232. For its aerial supply work during the period May 20 to June 9 the squadron received a letter of commendation.

In its long career the Red Devil squadron has earned many commendations and decorations.

The present-day squadron was first commissioned as Bombing Squadron 4 (VB-4M) in July, 1933, and replaced the disbanded Fighting Squadron 10 (VF-10M). It was known as VB-4M in naval aviation circles until redesignated as Marine Bomber Squadron 2 (VMB-2) in July, 1937. VMB-2 was a

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RED DEVILS (continued)

lower echelon of Aircraft 2 (later designated 2 MAG and MA 21) and moved with all its personnel with that unit from Naval Air Station, San Diego, to Ewa, where it stayed until August 1942.

As commanding officers its roster is studded with names well known in Marine aviation circles. There were Captain F. D. Weir, Major Hayne D. Boyden, Captain P. E. Conradt, Major Ira L. Kimes, Lieutenant Colonel Richard C. Mangrum, Lieutenant Henry W. Hise, Major Rolland F. Smith, Major Menard Doswell, and currently Major Feldmeier. (Rank shown is as of time each was squadron CO.)

It was under Col. Mangrum on the 'Canal that the Red Devils wrote the first important chapter of their history in World War II. They arrived on Guadalcanal in August, 1942, to fly ABP and reconnaissance. On the 28th of that month they got their first big bag when they spotted four Jap cruisers near St. Isabella Island. They got three of them.

On September 2 the Japs made one of their many attempts to reinforce their troops on Guadal'. The Red Devils spotted the landing attempt near Henderson Field, moved in and broke it up. On the 26th they smashed another Nip landing attempt.



Meanwhile the campaign against Jap shipping was continuing. On September 15 they damaged a Jap destroyer and got another the following day. On the 17th they spotted a Jap task force off New Georgia and bagged a cruiser and two destroyers. They got hits on three more Jap cans on the 19th and 20th, and four on the 24th.

October again found 232 concentrating on the sea lanes and Jap shipping therein. The first of the month they scored on four more cans, damaged three on the 3rd, hit a cruiser and two destroyers on October 4.

They carried out a successful night attack against three Jap cans on the 6th. Their last strike of this tour was on the 9th, when they damaged four more destroyers. The following day they left for the States.

Arriving in November the squadron went to El Toro where it stayed until July, 1943, when it again headed for the Pacific. Now it was known as VMTB 232, having been redesignated in June.

On September 23 they flew the first strike of their second overseas assignment. Between then and the end of the month they got in seven missions against gun positions, camp areas, dumps, barges and other installations on Bougainville, Kolombongara, and Choiseul.

During October the squadron operated from Henderson Field and flew 17 strikes on barges, supply dumps, ack-ack positions, air-strips and personnel bombing and strafing on Choiseul, Kolombongara, Bougainville and Ballale Island, Kara airstrip, Kahili airstrip, Ballale airstrip and Kieta.

November 1 found the Red Devils in their now familiar role of ground support covering the landing of the Third Division in the Empress Augusta Bay area.

AIR SUPPORT for the ground forces on Bougainville was a tough assignment because the heavy jungle obscured the targets and made briefing difficult. But the squadron did all right. It got lucky hits on two enemy blockhouses, using 2000-pound bombs.

Later the squadron got a commendation for its strike in support of the infantry on Hill 1111. Marines were able to move in and take the height within a half hour after the turkeys had finished their work.

After the rest in Sydney the squadron returned to the South Pacific and the end of the year found it operating from Munda, on New Georgia.

During January, 1944, the Devils got in 11 strike missions against Jap concentrations on Bougainville, Poperang Island, the lighthouse at Cape St. George, New Ireland and Tobera airfield, New Britain and shipping in Simpson Harbor and Keravia Bay.

On January 14 a strike over Simpson Harbor led by Lieutenant James L. White bagged five Jap ships and three planes. Three days later another strike on the same port netted 15 hits on Jap shipping with nine ships sunk and two enemy planes shot down.

Then came a rest in New Zealand.

By March 2 the Devils were back flying combat missions, this

time from Piva airstrip on Bougainville. That month they got in 48 combat missions consisting of 927 flights. They bagged 10 ships and three barges.

During April the squadron pounded enemy positions on New Britain and Bougainville and in May moved to Nissan in the Green Islands. The 15th of that month it moved to Emirau in the St. Mathias group. From there it flew 23 missions against Rabaul and other positions on New Britain and New Ireland.

The Devils had the distinction of flying the first bomber strike against Rabaul. The airfield was a formidable Jap bastion in those days and the turkeys could expect interception from around 150 bogeys on every strike.

From June to October the squadron was back at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, reorganizing and training replacements and checking out in the newer TBM-1Cs which were replacing the TBF-1Cs.

October found the Devils at Falalop Island, Ulithi, with the assignment of flying ASP to protect the fleet anchorage, recon flights and strikes against Yap. Eight strikes against that Jap stronghold were flown in December.

VMTB 232 wound up 1944 with a credit ledger of 36 Jap ships sunk, 23 Jap ships damaged, one enemy midget submarine sunk and five Jap planes shot down. Most of this score had been compiled when the South Pacific was no milk run and when the Nip airforce still had to be reckoned with.

NOR WAS Okinawa a milk run when the Red Devils moved in there in April, 1945. This can be gathered from the fact that the Second Marine Air Wing alone bagged more than 500 bogeys in the Ryukyus.

The ground echelon found its work cut out for it on Oki, as did the flight echelon. With bomb strikes alternating with para-pack drops the ordnance department worked plenty of extra hours. Because the packs are of different size and shape from bombs, every chute drop meant a thorough going over of the bomb bays to see that everything checked out OK.

Once a flight of 28 Navy planes came in to fly an urgently needed strike in the Naha area. Ordnance of 232 got the job of loading them with bombs, rockets, and machine gun ammunition. They had the job out in an hour and a quarter.

Changing ground conditions complicated the job of aviation ordnance. Frequently the squadron would be notified to prepare for a strike loaded with 500-pound bombs. Then a changed tactical situation would make it necessary for the load to be switched to 1000-pounders or something else. In spite of changed loads and the fact that 232 frequently flew three or four strikes daily on short notice, ordnance had every flight ready to go on schedule.



Because there were no bomb disposal specialists on hand in the early confusion of the campaign, 232 ordnance frequently had the ticklish job of removing fused bombs which had failed to release from bomb bays. But the NCOs in charge of ordnance, Master Technical Sergeants Alfred Turner, of Natick, Mass., A. D. Traxler, of Laird, Colo. and C. R. Teegarden, of Boulder, Colo. are proudest of the fact that in spite of their work under pressure they maintained a perfect safety record.

Pilots of 232 flew combat missions on an average of five days out of every seven. On nearly every flight the pilots were briefed in the air via radio from ground control. The tactical situation on the infantry front often was so fluid that briefings before take-off would be outdated by the time the pilots got over the target.

Because the targets assigned to the Red Devils were frequently very small the infantry would cooperate by firing white phosphorus shells to mark the area to be bombed. In an attempt to cross up our pilots the Nips would fire William peter into our lines when they saw the turkeys overhead. VMTB 232 made no mistakes in its targets in spite of the Jap attempts at deception.

The Devils made some of the closest ground support strikes flown on Okinawa. One strike was made against Jap gun positions on Naha airfield while our patrols were on the strip. The Nips were knocked out and the infantry moved in and took over.

While they were dishing it out to the Shambos the Devils were taking some themselves. During the campaign 128 planes were damaged by enemy action, an average of five times for each TBM in the squadron. Seven planes had to be surveyed

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RED DEVILS (continued)

because of damage from enemy action, two engine changes and 15 wing changes had to be made for the same reason.

All of this added up to plenty of work for Gunner Estes N. Ratliffe's engineering department. But the ground crewmen were able to keep 20 out of 24 planes available for service at all times during the Okinawa operation.

Because supplies were lacking in the early phase of the campaign, Master Technical Sergeant W. V. White, NCO in charge of the metalsmith and machine shop, had to make all his exhaust and generator studs out of Jap bolts picked up at Kadena, the airfield from which the squadron operated.

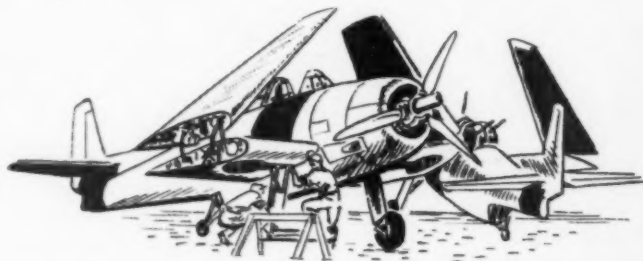
When it was discovered that the TBM had a structural weakness in the tail wheel installation which was giving the pilots trouble in landing, Master Technical Sergeant Joseph Orosz, of Brackenridge, Pa., devised a method for strengthening the defective part.

AN EARLIER discovery of the ground crewmen came in handy on Okinawa. At Ulithi the squadron had ordered some carbon tetrachloride. Their requisition was filled with another chemical by mistake. Knowing something about the properties of the chemical and not wanting to see it go to waste, Gunner Ratliffe and Technical Sergeant Jesse G. Arganbright experimented with it as a means of repairing cracks and holes in plexiglass. Their new method of repair enabled planes to fly within three hours. Under the old method of repairing plexiglass 24 hours were required.

When the squadron was at Ulithi only Master Technical Sergeants L. C. Ross, of St. Helens, Ore., engineering chief, and Warren Wells, of Syracuse, New York, assistant engineering chief and two other enlisted men had had any experience with the TBM. Yet the squadron got through the Okinawa operation with no accidents due to engineering failure.

However, the squadron did lose some pilots and gunners in the Ryukyus. They were: Lieutenant James W. Fox, of San Bernardino, Cal., Corporal James M. Forbes, of Mattapan, Miss., and PFC Vincent DePaul Kelly, Duryea, Pa., killed in action, and Lieutenant Lyman Berg, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lieutenant Owen R. Baird, of South Minneapolis, Minn., PFC Richard J. Pushman, of Detroit, Mich., Staff Sergeant Frederick K. Johnson, of Auburn, Cal., and Sergeant Clyde B. Hight, Jr., of Owensboro, Ky., missing in action.

And there were some close calls, too. Lieutenant Donald E. Whitfield, of Visalia, Cal., along with his two gunners, Corporal Harold J. Derr, of Kempton, Pa., and PFC Carl E. Hanlin, of Highland Park, Mich., were forced down in the East China Sea in a storm. After three days on a raft, during which time they were twice attacked by Jap planes, they were rescued.



Of the various jobs that they were called upon to do, the Devils best liked work in support of the infantry. These strikes were in close to the deck and when they saw the line men move in after a strike they knew they had gotten results. But more important—like most Marine airmen the Devils felt a kinship with the line men. The way they see it, aviation in the Corps is not something apart. It's all part of a unified force that can strike by land, by sea and in the air for a common objective.

The squadron takes the greatest pride in the support strike flown by Lieutenant Robert R. Piper, of West Alexandria, Ohio. Marines were fighting on the Shuri line and from upstairs Piper could see they were having a plenty rugged time of it. On his next trip, Piper came prepared. He had carefully packed three quarts of whisky in separate packages. When he got over the Marine lines he let them drop one at a time. Piper figured that if anyone on the island rated a drink it was the men who were slugging it out on the Shuri front.

All three bottles of the precious fluid, precious on Okinawa at least, were retrieved by the line outfits.

Piper admits it was a pretty good support mission. The only trouble, he says, was that when the troops saw what the packs contained he had damn near started a private little All-Marine war right there on the front.

SGT. NORMAN KUHN
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

SAD SACK SHAMBOS



MARINES on Pacific islands may be gnashing their teeth, while sweating it out, waiting for orders that will send them sailing happily homeward. But their little yellow Nip "brothers," prisoners of war on these same islands, want no part of it. They don't want to go home.

There's been no rotation plan set up for the Nip POWs, but nevertheless prospects these sons of heaven have for getting back to their homeland in the near future look pretty bright. They won't be sent to Japan until all overseas GIs eligible to come home are returned. After that it won't be long. But the POWs, especially those who surrendered before V-J Day, aren't very happy about it.

When Hirohito hollered "uncle" and announced he would broadcast the fact that the Japs had enough and were calling it quits, Intelligence officers in the Marianas and other islands with stockades holding prisoners of war decided it might not be a bad idea to permit the POWs to hear their Emperor. So loudspeakers were set up in the stockades and the Nips listened to Hirohito's rescript announcing that the jig was up.

Facing the East, with heads humbly bowed in respect to their Emperor, the Jap POWs received the news sadly. Many of them wept openly. Others assumed a stoic stare.

Questioned as to their feelings about the end of the war, none of them seemed very happy. It was difficult for them to realize that the great Japanese Empire had been defeated and that their Emperor, whose voice had never been heard publicly, had been forced to broadcast to the nation in such an ignoble way. The spirit of Bushido was deadlier than a pickled herring.

Trying to cheer them up a bit, an interpreter suggested now that the war was over they would soon be going home to their families and loved ones. They sadly shook their heads in the negative.

"We can never go home," a major explained. "We are disgraced. We have lost face. Not even our families will accept us or even show us recognition."

The interpreter knew, of course, how the Nips felt about being taken prisoner. But now that the Emperor had surrendered he thought it would change the complexion of things. But the POWs said it didn't.

"Those who give up their arms now at the Emperor's command," said a Jap lieutenant, "may not lose face, but we who surrendered before the Son of Heaven commanded us to do so have disgraced him and have disgraced Japan. We can never return to our homeland."

Then as an afterthought, realizing they would have little to say about whether or not they'd be returned, he added, "At least we have no desire to return."

One POW, a superior private, declared he'd like to be sent to the Hawaiian Islands instead of Nagasaki.

But just like the rest of these Nips, he hasn't a Kamikaze's chance of getting there.

SGT. STANLEY FINK
Leatherneck Staff Writer

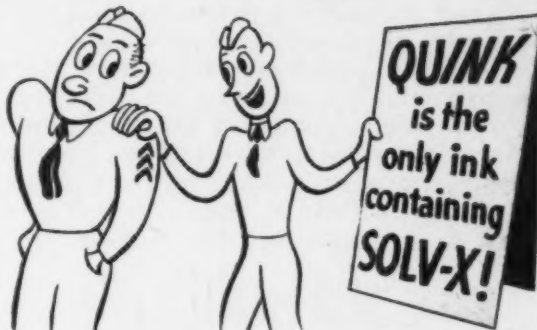


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THE grandstand at Tsingtao racetrack was jammed to the scuppers and a carnival spirit kept the crowd at fever pitch. The sky was cloudless and there was just the right nip of Fall in the air. It felt like the opening day in the American football season.

Tsingtao's racetrack lies in a picturesque setting, cupped as it is in rugged hills that are typical of that part of North China. Often the mountains are only vaguely outlined in the hazy distance, but this day the air was exceptionally clear. You could easily make out the forms of red-roofed houses perched precariously on rocky promontories overlooking the track and its big doings.

The military show, which was part of the program, clicked flawlessly. More than 12,000 veterans of the Sixth Marine Division paraded in battle dress. With them rumbled tanks, self-propelled artillery, trucks and jeeps. This was US might parading for the Chinese.

The division band played "The Star Spangled Banner" and followed immediately with the anthem of the Chinese central government. Flags of five nations — the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France and China — flew from the grandstand, whipping and cracking in the stiff breeze. The Chinese press was out in strength, collectively making its character notations behind a bulwark of press-box bunting. Photographers from the division hopped around, trapping scenes for posterity.

Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd Jr., division commander, and the ranking Chinese officer, Lieutenant General Chen Pao-Tsang, received the honors of the mass of troops. It was a big day. It was Japanese Surrender Day.

A scattering of faint applause broke out as Japanese Major General Eija Nagano unbuckled his long sword and, in token of surrender, laid it across the table where the signing took place. Then, as the Japanese representation attempted a graceful retirement in its automobile, the car broke down and refused to start again.

Not even the racket of fighter planes overhead could drown the roar of laughter that came from 10,000 Chinese throats as Jap officers, in the public appearance that was to end military domination in Shantung Province, struggled ridiculously to complete their mechanized exit.

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**KING
EDWARD**
Cigars



Casualties

Marine Corps casualties, safe, missing and dead, released to the press from 11 November 1945, through 3 December 1945.

SAFE FROM POW

CALIFORNIA
SWIFT, William D., Corp.

COLORADO
CUTTER, Verle D., PFC

ILLINOIS
STORY, Jerold B., Corp.

IOWA
KIJACK, Henry, Sup. Sgt.
SCHNEIDER, Loren O., SSgt.

MINNESOTA
DOBERVICH, Michiel, 1st Lt.

OHIO
CHANDLER, Paul G., WO

SOUTH CAROLINA
ROBERTS, A. J. V., 1st Sgt.

TEXAS
CLEM, Onnie E. Jr., PFC
HAWKINS, Jack, 1st Lt.

SAFE FROM MISSING

CALIFORNIA
MATTISON, Clyde T., Lt. Col.

DEAD FROM POW

COLORADO
HECKEL, John E., PFC
LEASE, Raymond E., PFC

MINNESOTA
KUMM, Emmett E., PFC

NEW MEXICO
BUSTAMANTE, Lawrence R., PFC

NEW YORK
KELLY, Joseph A., PFC

OHIO
LARSON, Theodore W., Pvt.

PENNSYLVANIA
PEARLSTEIN, Joseph, 1st Sgt.

TEXAS
GRAVES, Elmo E., Corp.
KING, Charles F., Corp.

WASHINGTON
IVARSEN, William C., PFC
PARKER, Ray D., PFC

DEAD FROM MISSING

ARIZONA
GAY, Louis H., PFC

COLORADO
LOONEY, Douglas R., Pvt.

GEORGIA
WARD, Kennie D., 2nd Lt.

ILLINOIS
KOZIOL, Paul W., Ccrp.

IOWA
MONTGOMERY, Recil L., PFC

MICHIGAN
LANPHIER, Charles C., 1st Lt.

MINNESOTA
HAVEI, Joseph, PFC

MISSOURI
PARKIN, Earl J., 2nd Lt.

NEW JERSEY
GILL, William J., 1st Lt.

NORTH CAROLINA
WILHIDE, Robert M., 1st Lt.

NORTH DAKOTA
ERB, Harold H., MTSgt.

TEXAS
LEE, Presnell, Corp.
MORRIS, Marvin D., Corp.

WISCONSIN
HOUGLAND, Marte E., PFC

DEAD

CALIFORNIA
METZGAR, Henry H., Pvt.

KANSAS
ALLEN, Samuel R., 1st Lt.

MISSOURI
MERZ, Eugene V., Corp.
RINER, William D., GySgt.

MISSING

ALABAMA
HURST, Aaron M., Pvt.

NEW YORK
REILLY, Jeremiah M., PFC

TEXAS
JACKSON, Charles M., 1st Lt.

WISCONSIN
KENNEDY, Robert B., PFC

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin from 7 December, 1941, through 3 December, 1945, to 76,054, which breaks down by classification as follows:

Dead	19,876
Wounded	55,426
Missing	744
Prisoners of War	8
Total	76,054

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THERE ARE ONLY
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MAN IN 10!**



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Common Military Terms
Rank and Insignia
Interior Guard
First Aid
Chemical Warfare
The M-1 Rifle
The Automatic Rifle
Close Order Drill*

*The Rocket Launcher
The Flame Thrower
Explosives and Demolitions
The Squad in Combat
Protective Measures
Scouting and Patrolling
Tank Infantry Tactics
Fighting in Towns
Basic Communications*

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THE DOPE SHEET

COMMANDANT COMMANDS

High Point Marines Must Be Released

MEN and women eligible for discharge are to be released *at the earliest practicable date* and will *not* be retained as a military necessity, according to a letter from the Commandant to all commanding officers.

The letter explains that it is not the intention of the Marine Corps to retain personnel beyond the time necessary to train reliefs for those eligible for discharge. Therefore, commanding officers are to take "energetic action" in releasing all eligible for discharge.

A report will be made to Headquarters, Marine Corps where personnel eligible for discharge are retained for more than 120 days. This report will contain information as to the number retained, their classification, the reasons for retention and why reliefs have not been provided.

When this information is received by HQMC, decision will be made as to whether release will be made without relief. It is emphasized that the right of eligible personnel to be demobilized under provisions of current instructions must not be compromised without "very serious reason" and the burden of proof for such retention rests on commanding officers.

Two Medals Authorized

Authorization for the wearing of the new World War II Victory Medal by all personnel and the wearing of the American Campaign Medal by personnel with one year's service in the United States is contained in two recent Alnavs.

Alnav No. 351 states that all personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard who have served honorably on active service within the continental limits of the US for an accumulative period of one year, between 7 December 1941 and a future date to be announced, are eligible for the American Campaign Medal and ribbon. All other existing instructions are modified accordingly.

Furthermore, all persons who now are serving, have or shall have served and whose service shall have been honorable in the Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, at any time during the period beginning 7 December 1941 and ending with a future date to be announced, are declared eligible for the Victory Medal, Alnav No. 352 says.

Satisfactory Service Certificate

All personnel of the Marine Corps who have been and will be separated from the service are authorized to receive a laminated, wallet-size certificate of satisfactory service — somewhat similar to an ID card in size, shape and cover. According to L of I's 1172 and 562, those eligible include regular and reserve officers and enlisted personnel ordered to inactive duty, retired, discharged, or separated under any other status.

The purpose of this certificate is to provide each Marine with an authentic durable document verifying his entitlement to rights and benefits provided by law. Forms will be furnished on application, to all persons who qualify.

CO'S SLOWING DISCHARGES by Failure to Forward Records

Discharges at separation centers are being retarded by the failure of commanding officers to remit service record books, health records and completed discharge data slips when men under their command are transferred for separation, states ALMAR NR 16.

When staff returns of men are not complete or do not accompany the draft, the omissions and action taken to correct them will be entered on transfer orders.

In cases where service-record books are missing, commanding officers are to dispatch HQMC requesting that a skeleton service-record book be sent to the new station to which the man concerned is being transferred.

Attention of all ships detachments is invited to make certain that all discharge data slips are filled out completely before being forwarded.

New Presidential Certificate for All

Every person who served in the armed services during the war and was subsequently separated from the service under honorable conditions is entitled to a *Presidential Testimonial Certificate*, according to information furnished by Records Branch, Headquarters Marine Corps.

These certificates will be distributed to all posts and stations of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard in the near future. Persons already discharged may obtain a certificate by presenting their discharge credentials at the nearest Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard establishment — *regardless of what branch of the service they served in during the war.*

Okinawa Ribbons

Alnav No. 372 states that neither the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon — nor, in fact, any other special ribbon — has been authorized for Okinawa.

The only authorized use of this ribbon is by personnel of units which have received the NUC and who were attached to that unit during the period for which the award was made. Commanding officers should take immediate necessary steps to stop the unauthorized wearing of this ribbon.

Class IV, V(b) Surveys

L of I 1174 states that commanding officers within the continental United States will direct the discharge of the following Marine Corps Reserve enlisted men — and that commanding officers outside the continental United States will return the following Class V (b) men to the United States for processing and discharge at "Convenience of the Government":

1 — All Class IV as soon as possible without application by the individual or need for replacement.

2 — All Class V(b) personnel who can be released without replacement. If replacement is required as an absolute military necessity, it will be effected as soon as practicable. No application is required by the individual to be replaced.

Only exceptions are: Paymaster personnel, Quartermaster personnel, and other personnel utilized in a clerical capacity for demobilization.

Life Insurance Form

At the time of discharge or release from active duty, applicants for National Service Life Insurance may now submit a signed, certified or photostatic copy of NAVMED Form Y, instead of Veterans Administration Form 350A, titled "Medical Examiners Report."

Reenlistment Furloughs

The granting of reenlistment furloughs are retroactive to and including 1 June 1945 and all men entitled to reenlistment furlough by this authority will be granted same at the earliest practicable date, states ALMAR, 6 November 1945.

GCT Standards Raised

ALMAR NR 17 states: "Discharged Marines, regular, reserve or inductee, to qualify for enlistment, reenlistment or extension of enlistment shall have a General Classification Test score of at least 88."

(Prior to this modification, the GCT score was set at 60.)

VD Examinations

No one with venereal disease in a communicable state shall be released from the naval service until the patient has been rendered noninfectious to the public, Navy Department Semi-monthly Bulletin, 31 October 1945, 45-1575 states. It reads in part:

1 — A presumptive Kahn serologic test for syphilis shall be made on all persons about to be discharged or released from active duty.

2 — Personnel who have signs, symptoms, or findings of a venereal disease in an infectious state shall be retained, transferred to a naval hospital for further diagnostic study and treatment.

3 — Health records containing any entry indicating the individual concerned has or has had a venereal disease and the health records of personnel whose separation blood test is reported doubtful or positive shall be segregated.

The **Leatherneck** BOOKSHOP

The following five pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy guide for those interested in good reading.

Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented. This list provides an excellent opportunity for you to secure many hours of entertainment and relaxation.

Order books by number using form on page 71.

UP FRONT 108A

By Bill Mauldin

Over 100 cartoons by this famous cartoonist as well as a running story of his observations and experiences at the front. Tops in the praise of readers and critics.

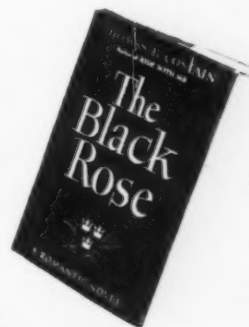


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The Black Rose 152A

by Thomas B. Costain

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The White Tower 142A

By James Ramsey Ullman

Soul stirring story of five men and one woman who face the terrible challenge of an unconquered mountain, each in the hope of finding at its summit the answer to his own desperate need.



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Forever Amber 166A

by Kathleen Winsor

Restoration England under Charles II. A glamorous and powerful characterization, magnificent in its sweep of events.



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War Years with 167A Jeb Stuart

By Lt.-Col. W. W. Blackford, C.S.A.



Every reader of Civil War history and biography will want this book.

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Rickshaw Boy 107A

By Lau Shaw

Powerful story of a China few Americans know — about a China toiling, sweating, loving, suffering, and laughing too, whenever it can.

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A Ribbon 140A and a Star

By John Monks, Jr.

The dramatist served with the Marines through the Bougainville campaign. Illustrated with 34 full-page drawings by John Falter, noted S.E.P. artist.

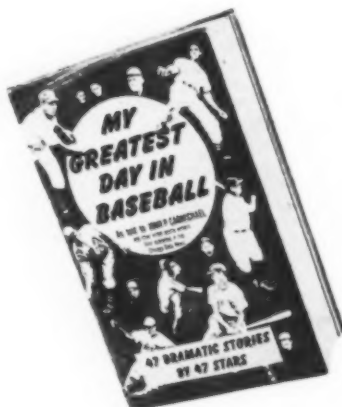
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John P. Carmichael

The most hair-raising, thrill-filled moments in the history of baseball ever gathered together in a single volume.

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Brave Men 35A

By Ernie Pyle

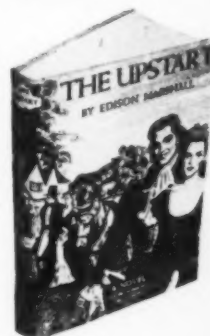
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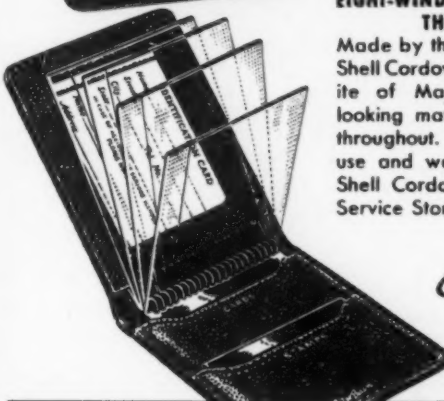
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Send your order today to insure prompt delivery. Use handy order form on page 71.

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by Captain Henri Raymond
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